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NOTICE.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A CHANGE OF FRONT.

(Continued from yesterday.)

If the goods bought by the merchant fall in value before he disposes of them he loses a portion or all of his profits. It is no light matter that merchants are offering in good faith, to sell goods at less than cost, so often in these days. The inevitable tendency of such a state of affairs is ruin.

The republicans would have us believe that we are already in bondage—even this whole nation—to England. (for England is the country that stands in the way of international bi-metalism) and that we are compelled to abide by the gold standard until she is willing for us to use the double standard. But on Sept. 26, Major McKinley said to the Peoria commercial travelers:

"What a spectacle my fellow citizens, to the world is this government of 70 millions of free people, governed by themselves and governing themselves, working out what 70 millions believe from time to time will serve their highest destiny. More than 120 years have passed since the government was founded, and in every trial of our history we have demonstrated our capacity for self-government and shown to all mankind the use and advantages of the great Republic."

Does he believe this is true? He acts like he believes it when it comes to the tariff question. He advocates independent action in that, and some of his followers advocate a tariff so high as to exclude all goods that can be manufactured here. If we can enact and enforce a tariff law independent of other nations, why can we not act according to our own constitution which says "Congress shall have the power to coin money and regulate the value thereof?" Even as late as 1899 the Indiana republican convention adopted the following:

"We cordially commend the action of republicans in congress on the subject of free coinage. The law recently enacted was passed in spite of persistent democratic opposition. Under its beneficent influence silver has rapidly approached the gold standard of value farm products are advancing in price and commerce is feeling the impulse of increased prosperity. It will add more than \$50,000,000 annually of sound currency to the amount in circulation among the people, and is a long, yet prudent step toward free coinage."

The Journal of the same year said: "In unwittingly keeping silver cheap we have played into the hands of English merchants in the India trade, for the reason that they have taken the cheap silver bullion to India, where silver is the only money, and turned it into rupees, gaining 25 per cent by the operation. With that money they have purchased wheat and this wheat, measured in the gold cost of the bullion, has cost them 25 per cent less than if paid for in money costing the same as gold. That wheat could be brought to London and sold at a much lower price than if purchased with gold, and consequently the transaction has in some measure had the effect of reducing the world's price of wheat."

Now, at the behests of the money power they utterly repudiate these sentiments. At that time Major McKinley was in perfect harmony with these views. Now, well might Bryan ask one who was shouting for McKinley, "which McKinley are you for, the one of 1890 or the one of today?"

Let us either be Americans, free and independent, or haul down the stars and stripes, run up the Union Jack in their stead, and proclaim to the world that after 120 years of trial, our republic is a failure, and we are compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of Great Britain.

The republican party of '58, through its leader, Lincoln, declared "that this country cannot continue to exist half slave and half free." The republican party of today declares that the country must be all enslaved except a few millionaires, until European nations voluntarily give us freedom. All hail to that chieftain from the west that has risen in his might, and declared that this country must and shall be free!

In '58 the republican party criticised the decision of the supreme court in the Dred Scott case. Douglass said: "What, oppose the supreme court! Is it not sacred? To resist it is anarchy." Lincoln said:

"We think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this. We offer no resistance to it. * * * It is not resistance, it is not factious, it is not even disrespectful, to treat it as not having yet quite established a settled doctrine for the country."

Today the republicans have changed places with Douglass, and are crying "awful," "anarchy" and "revolution," because the democratic party dares to criticise the supreme court, and other powers that be.

In those earlier days the republicans favored an income tax. Now they oppose it.

In 1890 the republicans sought to pass a force bill in Congress in order to have a free vote and fair count in the south. Today they are using threats, intimidation, the boycott,

bribery, falsehood, and anything that they can conceive of that will give promise of aid in electing their candidate, and if Mr. McKinley is elected it will be by the most corrupt methods that have ever obtained in a civilized country.

So great, indeed, is the change that has occurred in the republican party in the last 30 years that even the negroes in the south are beginning to feel that it is no longer their party, and a large part of the vote which elected Atkinson, the democratic candidate for Governor, of Georgia, this week, was cast by negroes.

OUR CAT



Grins While He Says:

The republicans were simply knocked out by the big crowd that was here to hear Bryan, but the excuse in its usual childish manner, blubbered out; "The democrats were afraid to bet any money on their candidate."

Next Saturday night is Halloween. I wonder how many extra policemen the city will put on to keep the small boys from carrying off the town. Probably a half dozen old men who could not catch a nimble Greencastle kid in a week.

The Banner-Times is indulging in its natural disposition to get low down in the mud. It is getting so deep in the filthy mire that it is likely to be frozen under. No decent newspaper would publish such stale falsehoods as its charge that Bryan levies contributions on the towns he visits, that the hours delay in the arrival of his train was not the result of unforeseen causes and that the chairman of the county committee deliberately lied about the matter. I remember that the Blaine train in 1884 arrived here many hours after its scheduled time.

That Bell letter completely knocks out the "be it understood" clause with which the excuse has been burdening its readers all summer.

That a vote for McKinley is a vote for Hanna. Hanna the enemy of organized labor. Hanna the employer of scab laborers, Hanna the champion of low wages. Hanna the father of strikes. Think for whom you vote, laboring men, if you cast a ballot for Wm. McKinley. Remember if you vote for McKinley you vote for a man that is under the control of the great corporations, trusts and combines, organizations to reduce wages and to build up immense incomes for themselves at the expense of the producers and toilers.

We would like to know why chairman Case throttled Hon. C. T. Peck at the great county frost last Tuesday night. Mr. Peck is feeling the insult and many republicans are indignant about the way Mark Hanna Case cut his throat.

The excuse is dumb as an oyster about that \$6000 city debt which was unearthed a few days ago.

The purchase of one metal with another will always tend to depreciate the metal bought. You can not buy a limited amount of silver with gold and keep the price of silver up to the price of gold. As soon as the supply is greater than the demand the price is sure to fall, hence silver fell under the Sherman purchasing law. But the government of the United States never placed its stamp on a metal and gave it full legal tender in the payment of debts both public and private that it did not circulate at its face value.

Real Estate Transfers.

Hiram Moser to William M. Moser land in Jefferson tp., \$1,400.

William H. Williams and Myrtle Tharp have been licensed to marry.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The Weather—Generally fair tonight and Sunday. Warmer Sunday.

Dr. Ridpath spoke to a large audience at Eminence last night. He speaks at Carbon tonight.

A free excursion went through on the Monon today bound for Louisville. There were six coaches with three of them nearly empty.

A freight engine on the Big Four ran off the track near Oakalla this morning where they are laying new steel. The Big Four trains have been running over the Monon and Vandalia tracks all day.

Ed Cox recently shot a big eagle just west of the city limits. It measured 6 feet from the tip of one outstretched wing to the other.

Hon John C Lawler arrived a little late this afternoon, but the court room was crowded with people to hear him. He speaks at Roachdale tonight.

One of the representative free excursions of railroad men passed through the city last night over the Big Four, on its way from St. Louis to Canton to call on McKinley. The excursion consisted of three trains of fifteen cars each and every car was provided with a barrel of whiskey. Each passenger was given free a badge which entitled him to passage. About one third of the passengers were railroad men and the rest were chiefly bums picked up on the streets of St. Louis. Nearly every one was drunk, the crowd was boisterous and a great many fights took place. The above information was given to the DEMOCRAT by a republican who dropped off here thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mique M. Sage has returned from Indianapolis.

Miss Lizzie Lyon, of Quincy, who has been visiting Supt. Lyon and family, went to Brazil this morning to visit relatives.

Mrs. Bowers, of Brazil, will visit Mrs. W. N. Steele over Sunday.

Dr. O'Brien, who is attending medical college at St. Louis, is making a short visit with relatives near Hamricks.

Mrs. Addie Kitley and daughter, Pearl, of Greenfield, who were called here by the death of Mrs. C. C. Hurst, returned home today.

Dr. Gobin has gone to Wabash to spend Sunday.

Mrs. Annie Strother is visiting at Gosport.

Mrs. E. E. Foudray has returned to Haughville after a visit with relatives here.

Miss Southard and Miss Elma Ridpath are at Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Adeline Johnson, of Danville, who has been visiting her brother, B. F. Beckwith, for several months, returned to her home today.

Miss Nellie Searce returned to Danville this morning.

Miss Lizzie Thompson, of Winchester, Ky., and Mrs. Martha Darnall went to Bainbridge today.

Mrs. James Randall is visiting relatives at Danville.

Elijah Grantham and wife went to Crawfordsville today to visit relatives and to hear the speech of Henry M. Teller.

Miss Kate Weatherby, of Atwood, Illinois, is the guest of Miss Dora Ruark.

At The Churches Tomorrow.

LOCUST STREET M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. J. D. Hartsock, evangelist for the Indiana Conference, will preach at Locust street M. E. church 10:30 a. m., tomorrow. Preaching at 7 p. m. by pastor. All other services will be held. The public is cordially invited.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Services tomorrow morning at 10:30 o'clock conducted by the rector Rev. C. H. Schultz.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Rev. T. A. Boyer, the evangelist, will preach at 10:30 on "Completion in Christ." In the evening at 7 p. m. on "The mistakes of Moses." Public cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

10:30 preaching, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God"—Rom. 11:33. 2 p. m. Sunday school; 6 P. M. Y. P. S. C. E.; 7 p. m. preaching, "I call heaven and earth to witness that I have set before you life and death"—Deut. 30:19. Excellent vocal and orchestral music. On Tuesday evening the choir assisted by Prof. Marshall of Philadelphia will give a gospel song service. The program will consist entirely of new music.

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FROM No. 2.
Campaign Edition.
THE ARENA.



Uncle Sam's Crown of Thorns.

"I will not aid to press down upon the bleeding brow of labor this crown of thorns."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, Chicago, July 9, 1896.

All voters should read the Campaign Edition of The Arena, which began with the June issue and runs to November (6 months), price,

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At the lowest cash prices. Coal weighed in any scales in town the buyer may designate. Give me a call.

TAE TATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)
Darby produced a handkerchief which had belonged to Mr. Paul Linmere, and which he had found in his rooms, lying on his dressing-table. He showed this to the dog; Leo sniffed at it, and gave a sharp grunt of displeasure.

"We want you to find him, Leo, good dog," said the Italian, stroking the silky ears of the dog; "find your master."

Leo understood, but he looked around in evident perplexity.

"Take him to the depot!" said Mr. Trevlyn, "he may find the trail there."

They went to the station; the dog sniffed hurriedly at the platform, and in a moment more dashed off into the highway leading to Harrison Park.

"Him got him!" cried Pietro; "him find my master!"

CHAPTER X.

HE WHOLE COMPANY joined in following the dog. He went straight ahead, his nose to the ground, his feet limber bearing him along with a rapidity that the anxious followers found it hard to emulate.

At a brook which crossed the road he stopped, seemed a little confused, crossed it finally on stepping stones, paused a moment by the side of a bare nut tree, leaped the fence, and dashed off through a grass field. Keeping steadily on, he made for the grounds of the Park, passed the drained pond, and the frost-ridden garden, and pushing before the inclosure where slept the Harrison dead, he lifted his head and gave utterance to a howl so wild, so savagely unearthly, that it chilled the blood in the veins of those who heard. An instant he paused, and then dashing through the hedge, was lost to view.

"He is found! My master is found!" said Pietro, solemnly, removing his cap, and wiping a tear from his eye. For the man was attached to Mr. Paul Linmere, in his rough way, and the tear was one of genuine sorrow.

His companions looked at each other. Alexandrine grasped the arm of Margie, and leaned heavily upon her.

"Let us go to the house—" she faltered, "I cannot bear it."

"I will know the worst," said Margie hoarsely, and they went on together.

It was so singular, but no one had thought to look within the graveyard enclosure; perhaps if they had thought of it, they judged it impossible that a murderer should select such a locality for the commission of his crime.

Mr. Darby opened the gate, entered the yard, and stopped. So did the others. All saw at once that the search was ended. Across the path leading to the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, lay Paul Linmere. He was white and ghastly; his forehead bare, and his sightless eyes wide open, looking up to the sun of noonday. His right hand lay on his breast, his left still tightly grasped the turf upon which it had fixed its hold in the cruel death agony. His garments were stiff with his own blood, and the dirk knife, still buried to the hilt in his heart, told the story of his death.

Leo crouched a little way off, his eyes jubilant, his tail beating the ground, evincing the greatest satisfaction. All present knew that the dog rejoiced at the death of his master.

Alexandrine took a step toward the dead man, her back to the horror-stricken group by the gate. She stopped suddenly, and lifted something from the ground.

Darby, alert and watchful, was by her side in a moment.

"What have you there?" he demanded.

"My glove which I dropped," she answered, quietly, holding up the dainty bit of embroidered kid.

The detective turned away satisfied; but Margie saw the girl's hand shake, and her lips grow pale as marble, the moment Darby's keen eye was removed from her face.

The discovery of the remains was followed by a long and tedious investigation. There was an inquest, and a rigid examination of every person who could by any possibility be imagined capable of throwing any light on the murder, and after all was over, the mystery was just as dark as it was at first.

Nothing was found to furnish the slightest clue to the assassin, except a white cambric handkerchief just inside the graveyard, marked with the single initial "A" in one corner. This handkerchief might have belonged to the murderer, and it might have belonged to Mr. Linmere—that could not be determined. The article was given into the keeping of Mr. Darby; and after three days lying in state at Harrison Park, the body of Mr. Linmere was taken to Albany, where his relatives were buried, and laid away for his last sleep.

Mr. Trevlyn offered a large reward for the apprehension of the murderer, or for information which would lead to his apprehension; and the town authorities offered an equal sum. Mr. Darby was retained to work upon the case, and there it rested.

Margie uttered no word in the matter. She was stunned by the sudden-

ness of the blow, and she could not help being painfully conscious that she felt relieved by the death of this unfortunate man. God had taken her case into his hands in a manner too solemnly fearful for her to question.

Three months after the death of Paul Linmere, Margie met Archer Trevlyn at the house of Alexandrine Lee. He was quite a constant visitor there, Mrs. Lee told her, with a little conscious pride, for young Trevlyn was being spoken of in business circles as a rising young man. He was to be admitted to partnership in the firm of Belgrade & Co. in the spring. And this once effected, his fortune was made.

There was a little whist party at Mrs. Lee's that evening, and Margie was persuaded to remain. After a while the company asked for music. Whist, the books of engravings, and the bazaar of the center table were exhausted, and small talk flagged. Margie was reluctantly prevailed upon to play.

She was not a wonderful performer, but she had a fine ear, and played with finish and accuracy. But she sang divinely. To oblige her friends, she sang a few new things, and then pausing, was about to rise from the instrument, when Mr. Trevlyn came to her side.

"Will you play something for me?" he asked, stooping over her. His dark, passionate eyes brought the blood to her face—made her restless and nervous in spite of herself.

"What would you like?" she managed to ask.

"This!" He selected an old German ballad, long ago a favorite in the highest musical circles, but now cast aside for something newer and more brilliant. A simple, touching little song of love and sorrow.

She was about to decline singing it, but something told her to beware of false modesty, and she sang it through. "I thank you!" he said, earnestly, when she had finished. "It has done me good. My mother used to sing that song, and I have never wanted to hear it from any other lips—until now."

Alexandrine glided along, as radiant as a humming-bird, her cheeks flushed, her black eyes sparkling, her voice sweet as a siren's.

"Sentimentalizing, I declare!" she exclaimed, gaily; "and singing that dreadful song, too! Ugh! it gives me the cold shudders to listen to it! How can you sing it, Margie, dear?"

"Miss Harrison sang it at my request, Miss Lee," said Trevlyn, gravely, "it is an old favorite of mine. Shall I not listen to you now?"

Alexandrine took the seat Margie had vacated, and glanced up at the two faces so near her.

"Why, Margie!" she said, "a moment ago I thought you were a rose, and now you are a lily! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, thank you," returned Margie, coldly. "I am weary, and will go home soon, I think."

Trevlyn looked at her with tender anxiety, evidently forgetful that he had requested Miss Lee to play.

"You are weary," he said. "Shall I call your carriage?"

"If you please, yes, Miss Lee, I am sure you will excuse me."

"I shall be obliged to it, I suppose."

Trevlyn put Margie's shawl around her, and led her to the carriage. After he had assisted her in, he touched lightly the hand he had just released, and said "Good-night," his very accent a blessing.

CHAPTER XI.

IN February Mr. Trevlyn received a severe shock. His aged wife had been an inmate of an asylum almost since the death of her son Hubert; and Mr. Trevlyn, though he had loved her with his whole soul, had never seen her face

in all those weary years. Suddenly, without any premonitory symptoms, her reason returned to her, and save that she was unmindful of the time that had elapsed during her insanity, she was the same Caroline Trevlyn of old.

They told her cautiously of her husband's old age, for the unfortunate woman could not realize that nearly twenty years had passed since the loss of her mind. The first desire she expressed was to see "John," and Mr. Trevlyn was sent for.

He came, and went into the presence of the wife from whom he had been so long divided, alone. No one knew what passed between them. The interview was a lengthy one, and Mr. Trevlyn came forth from it, animated by a new born hope. The wife of his youth was to be restored to him!

He made arrangements to take her home, but alas! they were never destined to be carried into effect. The secret fears of the physician were realized even sooner than he had expected. The approach of dissolution had dissolved the clouds so long hanging over the mind of Caroline Trevlyn. She lived only two days after the coming of her husband, and died in his arms, happy in the belief that she was going to her son.

Mr. Trevlyn returned home, a changed being. All his asperity of temper was gone; he was as gentle as a child. Whole days he would sit in the chair where his wife used to sit in the happy days of her young wife-

hood, speaking to no one, smiling sometimes to himself, as though he heard some inner whisperings which pleased him.

One day he roused himself seemingly, and sent for Mr. Speedwell, his attorney, and Dr. Drake, his family physician. With these gentlemen he was closeted the entire forenoon; and from that time forward his hold on the world and its things seemed to relax.

One morning, when Margie went to take his gruel up to him—a duty she always performed herself—she found him sitting in his armchair, wide awake, but incapable of speech or motion.

The physician, hastily summoned, confirmed her worst fears. Mr. Trevlyn had been smitten with paralysis. He was in no immediate danger, perhaps; he might live for years, but was liable to drop away at any moment. It was simply a question of time.

Toward the close of the second day after his attack, the power of speech returned to Mr. Trevlyn.

"Margie!" he said, feebly. "Margie, come here." She flew to his side.

"I want you to send for Archer Trevlyn," he said, with great difficulty.

She made a gesture of surprise.

"You think I am not quite right in my mind, Margie, that I should make that request. My mind was never clearer, my mental sight never more correct. I want to see my grandson."

Margie despatched a servant with a brief note to Archer, informing him of his grandfather's desire, and then sat down to wait his coming.

It was a wild, stormy night in March; the boisterous wind beat against the old mansion, and like a suffering human being, shrieked down the wide, old-fashioned chimneys.

In a lull of the storm there was a tap at the chamber door. Margie opened it, and stood face to face with Archer Trevlyn.

"Come in," she whispered, "he is asleep."

"No, I am not asleep," said the sick man; "has my grandson come?"

"He is here," said Margie. "I will leave him with you, dear guardian. Let him ring for me when you want me."

"Remain here, Margaret. I want you to be a witness to what passes between us. I have no secrets from you, dear child, none whatever. Archer, come hither."

Trevlyn advanced, his face pale, his eyes moist with tears. For, having forgiven his grandparent, he had been growing to feel for the desolate old man a sort of filial tenderness, and strong in his fresh young manhood, it seemed terrible to him to see John Trevlyn lying there in his helplessness and feebleness, waiting for death.

"Come hither, Archer," said the tremulous voice, "and put your hand on mine. I cannot lift a finger to you, but I want to feel once more the touch of kindred flesh and blood. I have annoyed you and yours sadly, my poor boy, but death sweeps away all enmities, and all shadows. I see so clearly now. O, if I had only seen before!"

Arch knelt by the side of his bed, holding the old man's withered hands in his. Margie stood a little apart, regarding the pair with moist eyes.

"Call me grandfather once, my son; I have never heard the name from the lips of my kindred."

"Grandfather! O grandfather!" cried the young man, "now that you will let me call you so, you must not die! You must live for me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONTRABAND ANTIQUITIES.

Italian Works of Art Find Their Way to the Market Despite the Law.

From the London News: Some days ago a well known dealer in antiquities offered for sale to the Louvre museum, in Paris, a splendid collection of ancient silver vases from Italy of Greek or Italian workmanship. The museum was unable to pay the price asked—£20,000—and declined the bargain. The Italian minister of education, having learned of this, has taken proceedings under the Pacea law against Signor Di Prisco, the owner of these antiquities. The latter is a large land owner at Bosco Reale. He secretly made excavations of his estate and found twenty-eight silver vases of remote antiquity.

Notwithstanding the Italian law prohibiting owners of antiquities from sending them out of the country without leave, or, rather, on account of this law, which prevents old works of art from commanding anything like their natural price in the impoverished country, Signor Di Pasco smuggled his find out of Italy and offered it to a Paris dealer for £5,000. Continuing meanwhile his search, he found other silver vases, which duly joined their fellows in Paris, and the whole lot was offered to the Louvre. The Italian minister of education throws interesting light on the facilities which underpaid officials are supposed to afford to illicit exporters of antiquities. He issues a notification that, should any official be found to have connived at this latest evasion of the Pacea law, they will be criminally prosecuted.

Total Eclipses Are Rare.

It is a fact well known to astronomers that the average number of total and partial eclipses in any one year is four; that the maximum is seven, and the minimum two. Where only two occur they are always both of the sun. There are a great many more eclipses of the sun in the course of a year or a hundred years than there are of the moon; this fact notwithstanding, however, London, the metropolis of the world, seems to be a place where such obstructions of the sun's light seldom occur.

The rate at which the Zulus can travel upon an emergency is astonishing. Some will go as much as fifty miles in six hours; eight miles an hour is an ordinary pace.



SOME CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

Illustrations of the Senses in Men and Animals.

Among the many curious optical illusions produced by contrasting lines and forms, some of a very astonishing character occur, for which no satisfactory explanation has been furnished. If a card perforated by a pinhole be placed close to the face, resting against the nose, as shown in the illustration, and a pin be held by its point in such a way that its head comes between the eye and the pinhole in the card, the pin being held quite close to the eye, the pin, strange to say, will appear on the other side of the pinhole, reversed and magnified. You see the pin, in fact, not as you hold it in your hand, but through the perforation, on the outer side of the card. It will be found necessary, unless you have exceptional firm nerves to rest the hand holding the pin against the cheekbone, for the difficulty is to get the pinhead directly between your eye and the perforation in the card, and to hold it there without wavering. I must confess my inability to explain this illusion, nor have I met with any explanation that seemed to meet the case fully and at every



A Pin Trick.

point. If a small perforation be made in a thimble, such as, indeed, often occurs from long and constant use, of that indispensable household article, everything seen through it, the letters on this column, for example, will appear greatly magnified.

A very curious optical illusion may be made to occur with the help of the accompanying illustration. Let a white card about the size of an ordinary business card, or smaller, according to the focus of the person's eyes who tried the experiment, be placed along the dotted line between the bird and the cage, on its edge lengthwise. It must be turned to the light, so that the card throws no shadow. Let the middle of the end of the nose be placed on the upper edge of the card, and after a few moments steadily looking the bird will be seen to enter the cage.

Place a pea between the first and second fingers of the right hand in their natural position, and you will feel the pea as one. Cross two fingers bringing the second over the first, and place the pea in the fork between them so as to feel the left side of the pea with the right side of the second finger, and the right with the left of the first. The impression will then be that you have two peas touching the fingers, especially if the eyes are shut and the fingers placed in position by another person. The illusion will be equally strong if the two fore-fingers of both hands are crossed, and the pea placed between them.

If a chicken in a sitting position on a table be gently pressed with one hand upon the supporting surface, the head and bill pressed down with the other hand the fowl will remain perfectly powerless in the position given it for some time after all restraint has been



The Bird and the Cage.

removed, or if a thread be suspended over the comb of a chicken so that the end hangs down over its eyes the fowl will remain in a cataleptic condition and finally pass into somnolence so deep that it will permit all possible movements without giving any signs of life; or if a pigeon be pressed gently upon a table so that it cannot use its wings, and a finger be placed before its eyes and moved back and forth, following the motion of the head, so that the eyes must continually notice it, the bird will soon become quiet, and will not fly away when the hand is removed. If a frog's forelegs are tied together and the sides of the animal carefully stroked with the finger it will, when laid upon its back, remain perfectly quiet and only regain its activity when the cord is removed, while a frog that is free cannot be made to lie upon its back.

Extra-Illustrating a Book.

Every one knows how much more interesting is an illustrated book than one without pictures. What a satisfaction it would be to us if we could illustrate our favorite books ourselves! What pleasure we would take in it! This is entirely possible. It is a comparatively easy matter to illustrate a book, or, in the case of a book that already contains pictures, to extend and increase the illustration by means of old prints, engravings, and pictures gathered from various sources and bound in with the leaves of the book. This is called "extra-illustrating," and

has long been a favorite amusement of collectors.

Books of travel, or stories of hunting, fishing, etc., may be beautifully illustrated by photographs. Unmounted prints are to be desired, although it is possible to take prints off mounts by a liberal soaking in warm water. The soft-finished photographs, such as bromide and platinum prints, are vastly better than the shiny albumen prints.

Photographs should be mounted in the same way as other prints, except that no openings are to be made in the mounts. The prints should be pasted on flat and pressed until dry. Albumen prints have a tendency to curl up, and it will require a pretty stiff paper to keep them flat. This is one of the reasons why platinum or bromide prints are so much better. When albumen prints are used they must be mounted wet, and should afterward be burnished, which can be done by an amateur photographer. An albumen print has the advantage of the fun in many cases of making the pictures himself for the book he wants to extra-illustrate, and the finished work will have an added interest and value to him.

The use of photographs, especially if many are included, will greatly increase the thickness of a book, and it will generally be found advisable to have the binder make it into two volumes of equal size.

Coco's Downfall.

The old saying, "Pride goes before a fall," always reminds me of an old rooster my grandmother once owned.

She lived on a big farm in Mercer county, Ohio, and, naturally enough, she raised many chickens and other fowls. There was one handsome old rooster among them named Coco, who was very proud of his bright, fine feathers, and considered himself a little better than the rest. He strutted around the farmyard, never deigning to notice the other poor fowls except to fly angrily at those who chanced to come too near his royal highness.

Sometimes he could not restrain his boastful feelings, and would perch upon high boxes and boards and crow lustily. He seemed to think he could take as many liberties as he pleased, and was always getting into places where he was not wanted.

Grandma had a large can of molasses which she kept in the summer house, with other provisions. Coco, besides being a duffer, was something of an adventurer. He managed to get into the house when the folks were away, and stepped boldly upon a ladder. But the lid tipped, and Mr. Rooster slid into the molasses.

He struggled hard to get out, but the harder he struggled the deeper he sunk. He had given up despairingly when grandma arrived, and by great effort succeeded in releasing him, then took him out to the pump and washed him.

But, oh, what a woeful sight was that once brilliant bird! He presented the appearance of a fretful porcupine, and he looked, oh, so despondent! He went humbly up to the other chickens, but they scorned him and would have nothing to do with him. Whenever he came near they would peck at him and chase him away.

Finally, after many attempts at friendliness, he decided upon an awful step. He walked slowly to the well, and, after one sad, reproachful glance at his fellow-roosters, committed suicide by jumping in. The well was dragged and the body recovered. No coroner was called, and it was never known whether death was accidental or intentional, but the impression was that it was the latter.—Margaret Roebuck, in Chicago Record.

Two Dogs and Their Way.

On a little farm down in Union county, Kentucky, there is an old German who has a large number of cats and two very smart dogs. One of these dogs is a Scotch collie named Ring. The other is what is commonly known as a "yaller dog," and is called Nickel.

When he finds a fresh mole burrow he mashes down the earth on it with his paw, and visits this place for several days, to make sure that a mole passes through it every day. When he finds that he is right he goes to the burrow about the middle of the day, because moles always move at that time, and watches for the mole to come along. When he comes there he is generally a mole-killer.

Ring spends most of his time hunting rabbits, and is generally very successful. But Nickel has short legs and is a very poor runner, so he hardly ever catches a rabbit. But, for all this, he has rabbit to eat as often as Ring. When Ring starts out for a hunt Nickel follows at a distance. When Ring catches a rabbit he buries it for several days, and Nickel generally knows where it is buried. So, when Ring has buried his rabbit Nickel turns grave-digger and removes the rabbit to his own graveyard. He is too smart to steal every rabbit that Ring catches, for he knows that if he does he will soon be caught.

In cold weather Ring, Nickel and eight or ten cats all sleep as close together as they can huddle, and in this way everybody keeps warm.—Robert S. Millett, in Chicago Record.

Trees That Whistle.

The musical or whistling tree is found in the West India islands, in Nubia, and the Sudan. It has a peculiar-shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these sends out the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade-winds blow across the islands, a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it, which, in the still hours of the night, has a very weird and unpleasant effect. A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in the Sudan, is also called the whistling tree by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvae of insects, distorted in shape, and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from the circular hole in the side of this swelling, the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute.—Tit-Bits.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Balfour is getting the reputation of being a reckless cyclist mid the London traffic.

Archbishop Benson of Canterbury is 67 years of age. He has been a bishop nineteen years.

Philip James Bailey, the author of that wonderful poem, "Festus," is still living in Nottingham, England. He is in his 80th year.

Robert Sipp, the violin teacher of Richard Wagner, who is now 90 years of age, was present at this summer's performance at Bayreuth.

Max Pemberton, the author of "The Iron Pirate" and other thrilling tales of adventure, has been made editor of Cassell's Family Magazine.

Frederick Lockwood of Bridgeport, Conn., has bequeathed \$20,000 to a boys' club, providing a similar amount is raised from other sources within five years.

Miss Helen Gompertz has made the ascent of Mt. Brewer and found in a bottle the only authentic record of the ascent of Prof. Brewer, made in 1864.

Theodore Mommens, the famous German historian, thinks that the study of literature is conducive to longevity. He says the average historian lives to pass 90.

Henry A. Russell, the oldest letter carrier in Newark, resigned after thirty-one years of active service, twenty-nine of which were spent in plodding over one route.

The empress of Japan and her ladies have taken to the steel horse, and cycle on a maze of walks made on purpose for them in the secluded part of the imperial gardens.

Julius Caesar was an epileptic; his attacks of this disease sometimes seized him while engaged in urgent business, and he frequently remained unconscious for hours.

Thomas R. Ballentine, after expending \$75,000 in founding a home for the aged in Norfolk, Va., could not find ten worthy persons in the city who were willing to enter it.

M. Tony Noel has just finished a statue of Pasteur, to be placed in the market place of Alais, where the illustrious investigator made his researches in the diseases of silkworms.

H. R. Greenwood of Guntersville, Ala., is the owner of a scuppernon grape vine which covers a trellis 100 feet long by 55 feet wide, and on which are at least 200 gallons of fruit.

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.

Velvet yokes—so becoming to the slender figure—will be much used for fancy house bodices.

Buttons will be much in evidence on the smart autumn gowns; those modeled from the antique are very artistic.

Though the flat has gone forth for tight sleeves, their severity will be relieved by epaulets, or frills falling well over the shoulders.

Trimmed skirts are "in" again, and the old fashioned flounces, which run away with yards and yards of material, are seen on some of the latest importations.

Narrow valenciennes lace will be just as popular as it has been all summer. Indeed, the bodice to be modish must be garnished with lace or frills of accordion plaited chiffon.

A house gown should first of all suggest comfort; and as clinging effects are not graceful, soft crepons, foule cloths and merinoes are most suitable for the informal indoor toilet.

As godet skirts and big puffed sleeves are doomed, the pendulum threatens to swing to the other extreme and whippers are heard of unbearably tight sleeves and the severely clinging skirt.

Lace and braided bolero jackets will be worn extensively over the smoothly fitting bodice, while embroideries edged with gold cord or braid will garnish that which suggests the full blouse effect.

A zouave jacket of black satin with applications of ivory lace, worn over a full vest of white grass linen, and finished with black satin cuffs and a black satin tie, is a Parisian novelty designated for early autumn functions.

The princess gown bids fair to be exceedingly popular for outdoor wear; but none but the woman who has implicit faith in her dressmaker and confidence in the lines of her own figure should adopt this graceful but trying style.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Rev. Thomas Hanlon has conducted his great Bible class at Ocean Grove twenty summers.

Dr. Guido F. Verbeck, who went as a missionary to Japan in 1859, is the oldest missionary in that country.

The Bishop of Bedford in this century who has preached in the street. Dr. Billing has on several occasions held services in the open air, bareheaded, in some of the worst parts of the East End of London.

Rev. F. B. Meyer of London, the author of the well known devotional volumes, attracted large crowds at the Moody summer school at Northfield, Mass. In the course of a series of addresses on Malachi, he applied the warnings of the prophet to the present times.

Considerable satisfaction is felt among Scottish Presbyterians that Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang, of the historic Barony church, Glasgow, has yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him to accept the office of president of the General Presbyterian Alliance, which meets in 1899 at Washington.

In England and Wales 8,979 miles of railway out of 9,044 miles of double lines are worked on the block system. In Scotland practically the whole of the mileage is worked on that system.

THE QUAIN OLD SABOBA.

There Indian Life May Be Seen at Its Best.

The very quaintest of all the quaint spots in semi-tropical Southern California is the Indian village of Saboba, nestled in a valley, just under the western slope of the San Jacinto spur of the San Bernardino range of mountains. Nowhere else under the flag of the republic is calm, easy Indian life to be better observed. In no other locality can the student of anthropology find more accurate subjects for study of primitive Mexican Indian characteristics, outside of warlike pursuits and sins learned from the pale faces, than here in queer old Saboba. By the grace of the contrast with the busy, progressive civilization of the New Englanders all about, there is not another spot in all California so interesting to every



Saboba Squaw.

one as this typical Indian village. So eminent an authority as President Eliot of Harvard university is quoted as having said, during his visit in Southern California, two winters ago, that the most profitable day he had spent in months was that on which he visited the Indian village at Saboba.

The name of the village which, in the mouths of the Indians, who are its sole inhabitants, takes on a far more musical sound than its appearance in cold type would appear to make possible, is familiar enough to all readers of Helen Hunt Jackson's romance, "Ramona," some of whose most thrilling though apocryphal scenes are located there. The greater number of those readers doubtless have set down the village of Saboba as being as much the fiction of the imagination as the remainder of the tale which gives it fame, and they may be surprised to learn that such a place actually exists. Exist it does, nevertheless, and in one of the loveliest valleys of the Golden State.

Thousands of people come and go to San Jacinto, the thriving town of modern build, four miles or so distant, without knowing that close at hand is this ancient Indian rancheria, and the "oldest inhabitant" receives with an expression of surprise any inquiry concerning the place. He cannot, for the life of him, see why anybody should care to concern himself with the abiding place of a lot of Indians. Some there are, however, in the town who take the liveliest and friendliest interests in the remnant of the tribe of Mission Indians who cling so tenaciously to the spot where their forefathers dwelt from time immemorial. A gentleman chanced to have a few spare hours at his disposal on the occasion of a recent visit to this locality, some time ago, and the subject of "Ramona" having been broached, it was suggested that a visit to Saboba and a possible call on Senora Ramona herself, who is a resident of that neighborhood, might afford an agreeable experience.

It was a lovely morning in midwinter in the semi-tropics. The hills that surround the valley like an amphitheater were green with the growth of wild grasses, the plain was carpeted with flowers of varied hue, which filled the air with their fragrance. The atmosphere was fresh with the breeze from the pine-clad mountains, whose snowy summits towered 7,000 and 8,000 feet high in the near distance. Orange groves, olive orchards, and fields of alfalfa stretched across the valley from mountain base to foothills. From San Jacinto the road runs up the valley for a short distance, and soon enters the thickets of gnate-mote that line the bed of the San Jacinto river. With a watchful eye for quick-sands, the stream is crossed, then a belt of willow jungle is traversed, the road being only a single track, almost overgrown with brush, and when this is passed a belt of cleared land is reached, and we are on the outskirts of Saboba.

There are some little vineyards and orchards, the vines and trees of which appear to have been planted in haphazard fashion, without regard to straight lines, or, mayhap, it is because the bulk of them have died that the survivors look as if they had been struck into the ground in the footsteps of some one who had been dogging the footsteps of a jack rabbit across the field. There are a couple of Indians plowing in their little fields. That is, to say, they are supposed to be doing so. But the horses stand with heads down, apparently asleep, while in the shade of the blossoming peach trees sit the two toilers lazily rolling and smoking cigarettes. They have done, perhaps, a dozen furrows this afternoon, and this is doubtless the fourth or fifth time they have halted to have a neighborly smoke and a monosyllabic chat. The scene is thoroughly typical of the Indian character. It is difficult enough to keep one of the tribe at work under the watchful eye of a white observer, but when he is his own master and servant at the same time he becomes most gloriously careless of the condition of the work to be performed. If he accomplish in a week what a white man does in a

day, what odds! So long as he has a pouch of tobacco in his pocket, a shelter, no matter how rude, for his head, a blanket, a air of overalls, and a shirt for his body, with the wherewithal for filling his stomach at more or less regular intervals, he is "my content."

Why should he worry? The year is long, and after that another will come, and then another, and so on to the end. Why work one's self to death, like the foolish Americano? Do not the birds, when building their nests, pause frequently and twitter to each other as they away side by side on the bough? Why should a man pretend to know more than a bird? There is plenty of time to prepare the land for maize, friole, and sandia patches, not forgetting the rows of chiles. Where is the harm, then, if Pedro and Ramona sit down in the shade for a quiet smoke, or even a comfortable little snooze, with the meadow larks over yonder in the willows, singing sweetest melodies? Manana—manana—never do today what you can just as well put off till tomorrow. That is the Indian's philosophy, and, as he appears to thrive and be happy upon it, who shall say his is not the most sensible way of getting through life? Go over into the American settlement yonder and see the white man rushing to and fro from early morning until late at night, driving, hurrying, as only an American does. Yet what does he get out of life over into the Indian? Why not go over into Saboba consider the Indian, study his ways, and be wise?

Now the road climbs up on the mesa above the bottom lands, which have been tilled by the Indians these many years. The strip of arable land is small, hence none may be wasted in roads, which are regulated to the barren mesa, where no water is. Down down below a row of cottonwood trees—their soft, downy blossoms floating away on the breeze and making little drifts in the road—marks the line of the zenja which carries the water from the river to the little fields of the Indians. And, by the way, these poor miserable, ignorant, untutored savages have hit upon a solution of the land question which is the acme of fairness, and which all the combined wisdom of ages cannot well surpass. It is nothing more nor less than a practical and successful exemplification of the theories of those who do not believe in individual ownership of land. To begin with, none of the villagers are speculative farmers. That is to say, none of them care to raise larger crops or cultivate more land than will provide for the simple wants of their families. None desire to accumulate beyond that point. So each year the village chief allots to those who apply such tracts of land as they desire to cultivate. No man is given control over a larger area than he actually cultivates, and there is enough for all. So long as a man desires the piece of land and will care for it he retains it, but the moment he refrains from cultivating the whole or any portion of it, then it is taken away, provided any one wants it. But no one owns an acre of land. It all belongs to the control of the Captain, in whose decisions all acquiesce.

Scattered along the banks of the little aquia in the shade of the cottonwoods, are the houses of the villagers, their walls of gray adobe scarcely distinguishable from the soil itself. Here and there a woman or girl is hard at work washing clothes in the stream, and on the limbs of the willows and guatemotes are spread snowy garments, mingled with those of brighter hue, showing that a regard for cleanliness is not at all incompatible with Indian nature, and is equally strong with the love of bright colors. Paddling in the water or rolling about in the sun, sometimes naked as the day they were born, were plump, brown-skinned babies, their black eyes snapping with curiosity as the visitors halted a moment, while upon a band of a dozen of the little rascals would go scurrying away into the bush like a flock of startled quail. Evidently the bogle man is as much of a reality with these youngsters as with others of lighter hue.

The schoolhouse is, of course, visited. It is a low, brown-walled adobe structure, almost hidden beneath the branches and foliage of great cottonwood trees near the road. Doors and windows stand open to admit the balmy air, and through them glimpses are caught of a number of jet-black



Sa bobo Indian House.

heads, dark faces and flashing eyes. There are a score and more of scholars, both boys and girls, and well-behaved pupils they are, too. The visitors are welcomed at the door by the teacher, who has devoted years to her chosen task of educating the youthful Indians. Brought up in the valley, only a few miles away, knowing the Indian dialect and the Indian character as well, she has the complete confidence of her pupils and their parents, too, and so is able to accomplish vastly more than a stranger or one whose entire sympathy is not enlisted in the work.

The youngsters bend over their books and slates, and save for a quick, shy glance now and then shot at the strangers, take no notice of their presence. The exercises of the school proceed as usual. The children sing, read and answer questions in arithmetic, geography and spelling intently and without embarrassment. A like number of white children, with ages of cultivation behind them and the best blood in their veins, could have done no better than these youths, who were the first of their tribe to imbibe the simplest rudiments of education after thousands of years of savagery. Away in a back seat sits a little chap of perhaps twelve, who had been busy with his slate for some time, occasionally darting a quick glance at the writer, who was seated with his face to the school. Being asked in what lines her pupils showed the most proficiency,

the teacher answered that one was in drawing, and they evinced great aptitude in imitating people, animals and other objects. "I think I can show you a sample," she said, her own quick eye having, as it appeared, been cast upon the youth in the back seat. As she walked in that direction the youngster quickly turned his slate face on his desk, but it was captured, nevertheless, and found to contain a very good likeness, indeed, of the writer, even to the details of a corner of a handkerchief peeping from a pocket, a watch-chain, locket, etc. In fact, nothing had been omitted in facial feature or dress. The drawing was clever, indeed, and no more than five minutes had been consumed in making it.

Noticing a couple of American flags adorning the wall, a question was asked concerning them, which elicited the astonishing reply that one of the strongest sentiments, and one entertained with the greatest unanimity by these descendants of those who once owned the entire continent, was patriotism. Their affection for the flag is sincere, and they delight in being known first as Americans and then as Indians.

The pupils are of all ages, from the little tot just lisping her letters to the stalwart six-footer who is still wrestling with the primer, his desire for an education not having been stimulated until he was long past the age when the white youth has usually been graduated. Nevertheless he is not discouraged, and pores over the wonderful tales of Mr. Cat and Mrs. Rat with an earnestness that augurs well for the future. Several hours were spent in wandering about the settlement. There was an evident feeling for the visitors on the part of the natives, but that had to be taken as a fact, for not one of the men or women here and there so much as uttered a word, except among themselves. Life is too short to spend moments in idle conversation with strangers, who will probably never be there again. There were fully a dozen men who, the school teacher said, were, without a shadow of a doubt, over 100 years old, and had never been fifty miles away from Saboba. Three were pointed out who were young men when the San Fernando Mission was built, near Los Angeles, by the Franciscan fathers, in 1806. They possess, as sacred talismans, the parchment slips that were given them by the holy teachers those many decades ago. They are very proud fellows and of unusually serene and contented disposition, but on the day of the visit here told of a young lady tourist who had, without warning snapped a kodak camera at several of the patriarchs of the tribe, and they spent hours after mumbling over to themselves words of wrath at such intrusion by the whites. Primitive and simple as the Indians of Saboba are, they know that the kodak pictures mean that their lineaments are to be paraded before pale faces everywhere

TO THE EAST INDIAN.

Caste Is His Religion and Everything to Him.

The Hindoo caste forms a unique part in the life of the East Indian native. Caste is everything to him. Deprive him of his caste, which is his religion, and you rob him of all he holds dear on earth. Without his religious caste a Hindoo man or woman would be as helpless as a ship in mid-ocean deprived of her rudder.

Every Hindoo is employed in that vocation which his particular caste governs. If the father is a washerman (dobe) then his children and his children's children are washermen and washerwomen, and so on, from one generation to another this Hindoo family is compelled to be in the same line of employment as their forefathers.

There can be no rise in station nor any fall to a more humble occupation. If a Hindoo should attempt to do any other kind of work than that which his religion permits him, he would be ostracized from his race, and he would at once be declared an outcast. His family would shun him; his brothers and sisters, father and mother would forever cast him off.

Where one servant could do the work in the house, it requires, by this process, six or seven. The man who will carry a glass of water would under no circumstances touch meat, and the one who hands the meat to "sahib" and "mistress" would not think of brushing the flies from the table. Each man

in the household has his own work to do, and torture would not compel him to deviate from that line.

Kaffir Dentistry.

The method of extracting teeth among the Kaffirs is barbarous in the extreme, and reminds one of the tortures of the Dark Ages. The patient is placed on the ground, and four men are employed to hold him down, two taking his arms and two his legs. Then the operator kneels down beside him, and taking a piece of sharpened ivory, steel or wood, he calmly proceeds to hack away at the gums until the offending tooth is loose. He then extracts it with finger and thumb, the patient having suffered, naturally, unspeakable agonies.

The time occupied in the operation is often of long duration, sometimes extending over as much as thirty minutes; but, of course, this varies according to the strength of the tooth. Persons in this country who make a practice of taking an anæsthetic while having a tooth extracted would probably find the operation as performed by the Kaffir dentist a little troublesome, to say the least.

Of course the Kaffirs dwelling in or near the towns go to the ordinary dentist; but those living far away from civilization have no alternative but to resort to the methods described above. —London Spectator.

AMBER.

At the sound of a footfall in the corridor he laid down his pen and leaned wearily back in his big arm-chair.

Presently a hand thrust back the curtain from the doorway and his wife entered. She was gowned for the evening in her favorite color—dull yellow. There were diamonds at her throat and in her gold-brown hair. She looked radiant with pleasure.

"Shall I do?" she asked, coming forward and leaning upon the desk with her hands, palms downward.

He inspected her deliberately—critically, she thought.

"You will do very well," he said at last. "What is it to-night, Amber?"

"Faint. I am going with the Kennells. Lawrence—"

He took up his pen with a slight gesture of impatience that effectually silenced her. Half the joy died out of her face. She stood a moment watching as he wrote; then she went round and laid her hand timidly on his shoulder.

"John—" wistfully.

She hesitated, hoping that he would look up or say something more; but he did neither.

"I am going now. Good-by."

"Good-by."

It was the tone, not the words, that brought a sudden dimness into her eyes. She lingered still with her hand on his shoulder. Then she slowly removed it and stole out of the room.

As the curtain ceased swaying behind her the pen dropped and John Charles covered his face with his hands. He heard a carriage stop at the curbing and the front door close with a bang. He heard a man's voice and a man's gay laugh—both Lawrence Kennell's; then there was a rumble of wheels and he lifted his head with a jerk. Something like a sob escaped him.

"Lawrence," she had said. It had come to that, then! Lawrence! John Charles knew him well—knew how his handsome face and winning smile endeared him to the hearts of women—how he was sought after, petted, admired.

Ah, well, it was something, after all, to be born with handsome face and straight, strong limbs. John Charles looked bitterly at the crutch leaning against the chair and thought that because of it life had withheld much of its sweetness from him. Wealth and even a powerful intellect which put him in touch with the brightest thinkers of the day failed to make up to him for that.

He had been on the point of sinking into the self-imposed isolation of a proud, morose nature when Amber came—Amber, the little daughter of his only intimate friend, who, dying, had entrusted her to his care.

Soon the music of her laughter had chased away the ghostly echoes from the lonely old house and the light of her happy eyes brightened every room. Her books strewed the tables, her flowers filled the long unused vases, her gowns made bits of color against the dark walls as she flitted up stairs and down.

Gradually all became changed because of her. New furniture replaced the old, new carpets covered the floors, the conservatory blossomed with rare plants and a grand piano lit up a dark recess of the library with its polished ivory and rosewood.

By and by the little girl became a maiden, to whom every door was open and whose smile was a favor which men considered a well-nigh precious, and all the time that Amber was growing winsome and sweet and graceful John Charles was growing old and wrinkled and gray. But his heart was young as ever, and he loved Amber with all the pent-up force of his nature, and he suffered agonies because of that love, feeling that she could never, never be his.

One day a handsome boy of good family came to ask him for Amber's hand. Poor John! He gave his consent and his blessing as well. What else could he do, not knowing but that Amber loved him? And while the boy was pleading his cause John sat in his study with as bitter a heartache as ever man had.

Presently the door opened, but he didn't look up. And then came a sweet, sobbing voice and the pressure of two soft arms about his neck from behind.

"Oh, guardy, guardy, are you tired of me that you try to get rid of me so?"

He was suffocating with surprise and joy and terror, but he managed to draw her around where he could see her face, which was rosy with blushes and persistently averted.

"Amber!" he cried. "Tired of you! Want to get rid of you, Amber?"

And then, reassured by his tone, she burst out passionately:

"Yes, you must be, else you'd never have sent him to me, when you know I hate him—hate them all but you!"

He drew her down on his knee at that and held her close in his trembling arms. His face was near hers, but he did not kiss her. He could only look at the sweet, wet eyes and child-like mouth, the round, soft cheek and gold-brown hair, wondering, doubting, hoping all at once—he could not have told which the most of the three.

That was two years ago—two blessed years of such happiness that they seemed to him like a long delightful dream. Amber loved him and Amber was his wife.

But of late a shadow had fallen between them—the shadow of Lawrence Kennell. The fear that had numbed John's heart when he first beheld the young man's admiring gaze upon his wife had ripened into fierce jealousy.

He had grown cold and austere in his manner, causing Amber many tears and much weeping. Once he had been positively harsh toward her. What else had he been to-night? And all the time his proud, sensitive nature was suffering to its utmost capacity.

Dear little Amber! He could feel the tears in her eyes and the quiver of her mouth though he could not see them. The wistful pleading in her voice had touched him to the quick.

How he longed to snatch her in his arms—crumpling the dull yellow silk, if he must, and ruffling the shiny hair,

for she used never to complain—and kiss her over and over and tell her how much he loved her, and how sorry he was to hurt her by word or look.

But no—his pride, his indomitable pride, restrained him and he had let her go with her whole evening spoiled because of it.

Ah, just wait till she came in, tired and cold and sleepy! Then he would make all right. She would forgive him—of course she would, the darling! And she would be happy again as they had not been for weeks, sitting by the fire together, she in the big crimson chair and he on an ottoman at her side, just where he could touch her hand or cheek or kiss her when he chose.

The firelight would dance on her hair and bring out the soft color in her face, and she would laugh and smile in the old joyous way. What a fool he has been—how cowardly and unreasonable, to doubt his innocent darling even for one moment.

It was 2 o'clock and Amber ought to have been home an hour ago. What was it made John start and tremble and pale as he glanced at the clock? Were his fears confirmed? Had his doubts become truths?

Hark! Was not the sound of a carriage pausing at the curbing? What occasioned this unusual confusion in the hall below?

John Charles seized his crutch and limped a few paces toward the door, but stopped as it was flung open and the figure of an old serving man appeared on the threshold.

"Master—" he began.

John Charles' lips moved, but no sound passed them.

"Master, I have come with sad news for you. There has been an accident—the horses ran away—and Miss Amber—"

He caught John as he reeled and fell and, answering the mute, awful appeal of those agonized eyes, he concluded—

"Is hurt seriously, but not fatally. They have just brought her home."

Three months afterward, when bursting buds and freshly-sprouting grass proclaimed that spring was at hand, Amber was carried into her husband's study and propped up by pillows and cushions on the sofa there. Her face had lost its roundness and its dainty color and the beautiful brown-gold hair was cut close to her head.

There was a great bunch of yellow roses on the table at her side and she touched them lovingly, knowing that John was watching her and that he had placed them there.

Presently he came and sat down on the edge of the sofa—all their differences had long since been made up—and took her hands in his and held them tenderly against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, though Amber's were clear enough.

"You dear old John," she said, smiling. "I believe you feel worse about it than I do."

He sobbed.

"Well, you needn't, you silly boy." She was silent a moment and then she said, musingly: "Do you know, I believe I'm half glad—"

"Oh, my darling, to be lame all your life?"

"Yes, for don't you see, we shall sympathize with one another more than we ever had? And, oh, John—"

"Yes, Amber."

"I never realized before how patient and dear you were until I was hurt. I think I love you better than ever, if that can be, and I am sure—quite, quite sure, that this has been a blessed lesson for both of us, aren't you?"

And John, in his newer and clearer wisdom dared not deny it.—Waverley Magazine.

MODERN PRISONS.

Their Improvements Are What Drive Convicts Mad.

The official belief is that there is little or no prison-made insanity. Prison doctors are keenly alive to the possibility of shamming, and they hesitate to admit that there is any flaw in the system for the administration of which they are so largely responsible. Still the fact remains that the ratio of insanity in prisons has exactly doubled since 1877.

The admitted general increase of insanity is not sufficient to account for this startling fact. Prison discipline is now more mechanical, and therefore more depressing. Its very improvements in this respect "take the heart out of a man." It is probable that prisoners were far happier in the old unreformed prisons, when they herded together and had companionship of a kind.

An expert witness who had passed four-and-twenty years in jail told the prison committee some startling things from the convict's point of view. The rules, he said, are too minute for human observance, and some minds are totally unable to bear the strain of them. A man may be reported for knocking something over in his cell, though it may be by pure accident. The name for this offense is "unnecessary noise."

As the poor wretches walk their weary round in the exercise yard, one may fall out of step and thus throw the last—any one, in fact, on whom the warden's eye happens to fall—is liable to punishment for this mischance.

In this way the convict gradually acquires an expression that never leaves him—the round-the-corner glance of a being who dreads a tyrant on the pounce. We want a new Howard if the system is only half as bad as it is said to be by those who have been reason to know.—London News.

Does Butter Have a Color?

This may seem a strange question, but it is not capable of proof to give color to the claim that butter has any color in itself but white, if white is a color. Dr. Van Slyke, one of the most eminent dairy chemists and experts in the world, asserts that nothing is known of, or what produces color in butter. None of the compounds of butter have any other color than white, and it is not discovered how the mixing of the compounds will create the different shades of yellow. If they do exist, they are so blended in the compound as to defy detection or separation. Just how to account for the color is only theory, and that is that the light falling on the butter globules of different sizes, gives the shadings of color. The larger the globule the brighter the yellow.

Tools at Pompeii.

Prof. Goodman has collected some interesting facts as to the tools of the ancient Romans. It is a marvel how some of the instruments and tools they were in the habit of using could possibly have been made without such machinery as we now possess. Prof. Goodman says the thing that impressed him, when visiting Pompeii, was the resemblance between many of the implements of 1800 years ago and those of to-day. In looking at the iron tools, grouped together in an old factory there, he could almost imagine he was gazing into a modern tool shop, except for the fact that there was a coating of rust on the iron. Sickles, bill hooks, hammers, forks, axes, spades, blacksmith's tongs, hammers, soldering irons, planes, shovels, etc., are much like those used to-day; but the most marvelous instruments found are those for surgery, beautifully executed, and of design exactly similar to some recently patented and reinvented. Incredible as it may appear, the Pompeiians had wire ropes of perfect construction. Their bronzes reveal great skill and artistic talent. The bronze brazier and kitchen had boilers at the side, and taps for running off the hot water. Ewers and urns have been discovered with the interior tubes and furnaces precisely like the arrangement now in vogue in steam boilers. Metal safes had substantial locks. Many of the locks and keys are most ingenious, and some very complex. The water supply of Pompeii was distributed by means of lead pipes laid under the streets. There were many public drinking fountains, and most of the large houses were provided with fountains, many of them being of a very beautiful design.

Boys Who Became Famous.

Nearly all boys and girls show in some way at some time what they are to become when they grow into manhood and womanhood.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous Gen. Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

A Magic Letter.

Did you ever think what a strange letter S is? It is a serpent in disguise. Listen—you can hear it hiss. It is the wizard of the alphabet. It gives possession and multiplies indefinitely by its touch. It changes a tree into trees and a house into houses. Sometimes it is very spiteful, and will change a pet into a pest, a pear into a spear, a word into a sword and laughter into slaughter, and it will make hot shot at any time.

Farmers have to watch it closely. It will make scores of his corn and reduce every peck to a speck. Sometimes he finds it useful. If he needs more room for his stock it will change a table into a stable for him, and if he is short of hay he can set out a row of tacks. It will turn them into stacks. He must be careful, however, and not let his nails lie around loose. The serpent's breath will turn them into snails. If he wishes to use an engine about his farm work he need not buy any coal or have water to run it. Let the serpent glide before his horses. The team will turn to steam.

If you ever get hurt, call the serpent to your aid. Instantly your pain will be Spain. Be sure to take it with you the next time you climb a mountain if you desire to witness a marvel. It will make the peak speak. But don't let it come round while you are reading now. It will make the tale stale.

No Comforts for School Boys Long Ago.

Only sixty years have passed since the boys of Eton ventured to beg that pipes might be laid in some of the school buildings so that they need not fetch water from the pumps in the freezing winter weather, and the petition was promptly rejected, and the scornful comment that "they would be wanting gas and Turkey carpets next!" At Winchester, another big English school, all the lads had to wash in an open yard called "Moab," where half a dozen tubs were arranged around the wall, and it was the duty of one of the juniors to go from tub to tub on frosty mornings, and draw the ice with a candle. Comfort was deemed a bad thing for boys, lest they should grow up dainty and unmanly. "Cold?" said Dr. Keate, a famous headmaster of Eton, to a poor little bit of humanity whom he met shivering and shaking in the hall. Don't talk to me of being cold! You must learn to bear it, sir! You are not at a girls' school."—Agnes Repplier, in September St. Nicholas.

A Test for Sensitive.

Many people have a genuine curiosity to know if they would be seasick in case they should take an ocean voyage. An easy way to put the matter to a test is to stand before the ordinary bureau mirror that turns in its frame, and let some one move it slowly and slightly at first, and gradually going faster, while you look fixedly at your own reflection. If you feel no effect whatever from it, the chances are that you can stand an ordinary sea voyage without any qualm.

The Evening Democrat.

H. B. MARTIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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GREENCASTLE, IND., OCT. 24, 1896.

NATIONAL TICKET.

For President—

WILLIAM J. BRYAN,
Of Nebraska.

For Vice-President—

ARTHUR SEWALL,
Of Maine.

STATE TICKET.

Governor—

BENJAMIN F. SHIVELY
of St. Joseph county.

Lieutenant Governor—

JOHN C. LAWLER
of Washington county.

Secretary of State—

SAMUEL M. RALSTON
of Boone county.

Auditor of State—

JOSEPH T. FANNING
of Marion county.

Treasurer of State—

MORGAN CHANDLER
of Hancock county.

Attorney General—

J. G. McNUTT
of Vigo county.

Reporter of the Supreme Court—

HENRY WARRUM
of Marion county.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—

W. B. ST. CLAIR
of Pulaski county.

State Statistician—

O. H. DOWNEY
of Noble county.

Appellate Judges (Five Districts.)

EDWIN TAYLOR
FRANK E. GAVIN.
THEODORE P. DAVIS.
ORLANDO LONTZ.
GEORGE E. ROSS.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

Representative..... JOHN H. JAMES
Treasurer..... JAMES L. BROWNING
Scriber..... RICHARD M. BENTEN
Coroner..... EDWARD H. KLEINER
Surveyor..... JAMES F. O'BRIEN
Assessor..... JOHNSON C. HEROD
Commissioner—2d Dist..... JAS. E. TALBOT
3d Dist..... WM. S. BUCKIS

DISTRICT TICKET.

For Congress, Fifth Dist..... J. C. RIDPATH
Joint Representative..... GEORGE J. KAYSER
Prosecuting Attorney..... J. M. RAWLEY
Joint Senator..... LUCIUS A. STOCKWELL

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

L. A. Stockwell, candidate for State Senator, will speak in Putnam county at—
Mt. Meridian, Saturday, October 24, 7 p. m.

Mr. Stockwell is one of the most instructive and convincing speakers before the public. Do not fail to hear him.

Gen D E Williamson and Capt J J Smiley at Russellville Thursday, Oct 29, 1:30 p. m.

John M. Rawley will speak in Putnam county as follows:

Riley Allen school house, Washington Tp, Saturday, Oct 24, 7:30 p. m.

Putnamville, Monday, Oct 26, 7:30 p. m.

Clinton Falls, Tuesday, Oct 27, 7:30 p. m.

James F. Shonkwiler will address the people at the following times and places:

Putnamville, Wednesday Oct 28 at 1:30 p. m.; Beech Grove Washington Tp Oct 28 7:30 p. m.; Cloverdale Thursday Oct 29 at 1:30 p. m.; Broad Park Thursday Oct 29 at 7 p. m.; Belle-union Friday Oct 30 at 1:30 p. m. Come out everybody and hear a farmer and former republican discuss political issues.

Dr A T Keightley and Jackson Boyd will speak at McHaffie's school house in Washington township Monday night, Nov 2.

Dr C A Bogardus, the famous rifle shot, will speak at the court house Monday night Oct. 26 at 7:30. Everybody should hear him on the political issues.

Hang out your flags, democrats, on Democratic Flag Day, October 31.

To Democrats: Stamp once and but once on your ticket. Stamp in the big square at the head of the ticket and be sure there is a rooster in the square in which you stamp. Don't undertake to scratch any body or vote for a personal friend on another ticket. If you do there is danger of getting your ticket in such a fix that it will be thrown out. You can't afford to lose your vote this year. The interests of your children and your chil-

dren's posterity are at stake. Stand by your colors.

We understand that the excuse has been printed and sent out in the county 3200 copies of its weekly edition containing the arguments those lawyers made at the court house the other night. Frank Ader in his speech Bryan day warned the farmers that those speeches would be stuck under their doors.

EVERY word we stated in our criticism of Hays last April in connection with his convention speech was justified as recent developments show. We said: "If the officers had embezzled a farthing of the public funds they (the experts) would have discovered it." Read Bell's letter in the Weekly Democrat.

THE TAXPAYERS of Putnam county should bear in mind that the city government taxes the people of this city 95 cents on \$100 valuation to run the city government. In addition to this it taxes the people of the city 39 cents on each \$100 for school purposes. That it seems to it that not a dollar of this is paid to any democratic business man or laborer. That no democrat can get employment at common labor on the streets. That the government of the city is conducted under the narrowest and most proscriptive methods that could be contrived. That this same gang are working night and day to get control of county affairs. If they should, a democrat could hardly live in the city.

It is not known to every tax-payer that, notwithstanding the enormous tax levied by the city, out of the small levy made for county revenue is paid the pauper expense of the city of Greencastle, which was over \$2700 for Greencastle township for one year recently examined—nearly one-half of the whole pauper aid rendered in the county. In Greencastle township we have an excellent illustration of republican methods of managing affairs. It would appall tax-payers if they could wade through the record and see the reckless waste of their money which has been made in Greencastle and Greencastle township by trustees. Scrapers ploughs, sets of encyclopaedias, maps, finger boards and unnecessary school supplies amounting to many thousands of dollars have been bought and are now lost, wasted or rotting. The expenditures of pauper aid has been carried out on the same narrow lines as in the city government. Care has been taken that nearly every dollar of it went into the coffers of a partisan favorite of the officer.

FRANK D. ADER made a short talk at the court house Thursday afternoon on county matters. Mr. Ader ascertained how many farmers there were present from the townships of Putnam by asking the people of each township to hold up their hands. And afterwards when the speaker made a statement about the gravel roads of any one township, he would ask the gentleman from that township if this statement was not true, and was always verified by gentlemen from the township named. Mr. Ader paid his respects to the gang of city ringsters, who are all attorneys, who made the glaring misrepresentations at the court house the other night. That the whole set had made their argument as any lawyer would before a jury, and which, of course, was only one side of the question. That the republicans of this city realize that they are beaten on the national issues and here in the last ten days of this campaign are seeking to divert the minds of free silver republicans from the great principles at stake and make a few votes by lies and misrepresentation. We agree with Mr. Ader that the whole contemptible scheme of the republicans is scarcely worth noticing except to warn the people of Putnam county.

BENJ. HARRISON said nothing in his cold blooded speech here at the tail end of his car that has not been repeated scores of times during the campaign by every republican speaker from Bourke Cockran down to Hon. Silas A. Hays. It was the usual twaddle about silver monometallism. He unwittingly suggested one of the very best illustrations of the effect of cheap and plentiful money. He said that cheap money always drove out dearer money; that when we had greenbacks for money there was no gold or silver money in circulation. That is true, but we had cheap money and it was plentiful, and never before nor since has the country so prospered as during that period. Wheat reached the price of \$3.25 per bushel, hogs \$10 per hundred and all other farm products in the same ratio. Land was worth about three times as much as now. Farmers were buying more lands, building new houses and everything was prospering. Gen. Harrison made a very unhappy illustration for his side of the question. With this British syndicate, single gold standard, which he advocates there must be a constantly appreciating dollar with a corresponding decrease in the price of labor, products and lands until we reach the status in England now, where farm labor is about 12 cents per day and every farmer is a tenant. Down with the British gold standard.

Every man of the common people who votes for it is advancing a policy which, if adopted, will make serfs of his posterity.

If one should want to examine the records of the city council he would find a part of them in the fire building, a part in the mayor's office, a part in the city clerk's private office, a part in a law office and part of them missing. There was also a police record stolen from the mayor's office several years ago and has never been returned. This is some of the carelessness and corruption of city officers.

The excuse says that the city of Greencastle did not put on any extra police Bryan day. The above is correct and there never was a time that the republican city did put on an extra force for a democratic day. But on every little occasion, such as a republican rally, Halloween and other times during the year they are sure to have "Bonanza" Owens, who has never yet made an arrest, and a half dozen others.

The excuse either displayed a whole lot of ignorance or wilfully lied in Friday's issue about the deputy sheriffs Thursday. In the first place the sheriff is not allowed any deputy sheriff except when the grand jury is in session. He can have all the deputies he wants at any time, providing he pays for them himself. Most of the deputies Thursday volunteered their services and the rest the sheriff paid out of his own pocket.

We are told that Debs and Dr. Ridpath stand on the same platform and that it slapped the Supreme Court, the bulwark of the nation. "The Supreme Court was once the bulwark of slavery. It made a decision that outraged public sentiments and was slapped, kicked and abused by such men as Abraham Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Lyman Trumbull and Horace Greeley. Its decision on the income tax law reversed a principle which the court had maintained a hundred years. It did it in aid of trusts corporations and millionaires. Members of the court denounced it. The unsubsidized press denounced it; it was infamous and the mild rebuke in the democratic platform is not half what it deserved. The people are the bulwark of the nation and not one Judge Shiras who changed his opinion between two sessions of the court.

At Roachdale Wednesday evening a large number of people had assembled to hear Harrison but the change in his plans prevented his going there. As it was the crowd took the matter good-naturedly and listened eagerly to Milroy Gordon and C. B. Case and the crowd was enthusiastically for sound money, McKinley and carrying Putnam county.—Banner Times.

"The funny thing" about the above is that neither Case nor Gordon were at Roachdale, and further there was no speaking there at the time mentioned. It is simply another one of the swivel's lies about local politics. It falsely stated that Harrison would be there to secure a crowd for Robinson. It deceived the republicans of Franklin township and lost several g. o. p. votes by the artifice. The Swivel's methods would defeat any party. Its Tuesday night meeting made the democrats several votes. Its every move this campaign has operated to close up the democratic ranks.

THE Banner times has openly advised students to vote at the ensuing election, regardless of the question of residence. This immoral advice will hardly be acted upon by any student who respects law and values the institutions of his country. The courts of this and other states have frequently decided that students temporarily residing in a place for the purpose of attending institutions of learning, are not legal voters. The democrats have often been imposed upon here by the casting of votes by those who are not taxpayers, not bona fide residents and therefore without the legal qualifications of electors. We have better laws now and are determined to enforce them. Whoever attempts to cast an illegal vote Tuesday week will find trouble and plenty of it. The right to vote is a sacred one and should not be interfered with. An honest man has no trouble in determining where his home is. There he should go to cast his vote.

THE officers of the great insurance companies, of the railway companies, of the big trusts and of all large corporations are bitterly opposed to Bryan. These all get princely salaries. M. E. Ingalls' annual salary is \$60,000 and that of some of the life insurance companies is \$100,000. One cause of their opposition to the Chicago platform is its declaration in favor of an income tax. They want to avoid paying their just share towards supporting the government. They want to throw the burden of taxation upon the laborers, farmers and merchants of the country. Their immense wealth is protected by the government at the expense of the toiling masses. Yet, they talk about the flag, the nation's honor, honesty and repudiation. They are simply tax dodging sneaks. Their devotion to the country ends with their ability to use it to satiate their

greed and avarice. No toiler who soberly and carefully studies the issues of this campaign without prejudice or bias can afford to vote for McKinley. By toiler we mean the farmer, the merchant, the mechanic and all who must labor with brain and muscle for the support of themselves and families. The railroad magnates, insurance officers, officers of trusts and millionaires want a government that they can use to crush out labor organizations, fill prisons with men without trial by jury and to aid them in wronging the people and forwarding their own selfish interests. The common people want a government that will show favors to no class nor discriminate against any class. A government that will not rob them of their homes, and which will secure to their posterity the blessings of liberty. The first are for McKinley, the second should be unanimously for Bryan.

BILLY BRYAN watches the papers closely and never forgets an insult. The way he ripped up Gen. Lew Wallace in his native burgh pleased his audience there wonderfully. Which of the two men looks now like an anarchist? And since Mr. Bryan was at Crawfordsville, we wonder which feels more like an anarchist

"THE FRIEND OF SILVER"

How Bynum Poked Before a Colorado Audience Five Years Ago.

The Denver News of Oct. 15, 1891, printed the following cartoon and report of Mr. Bynum's speech in that city on the day before:



CONGRESSMAN BYNUM. "I have always voted for free silver and always will."

The Friend of Silver.

Mr. Bynum said: "I have always been in favor of free coinage of silver [applause] and I don't desire to advertise my own record, but in this connection I think it not improper to say what action I have taken in respect to this question. I was on the committee on coinage in the Forty-ninth congress and was one of the three members of that committee who reported the bill in favor of free coinage, away back at the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's administration. [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

"I have voted for free coinage from the time the question has been before congress, and will do so every time the question comes up. [Renewed cheers.] I am willing to restore a silver basis. I am willing to restore, as McKinley calls it, the 87-cent dollar, a dollar going down to that figure. But I want to say this, if we are unable to maintain free coinage or the parity between the two metals by free coinage of silver it is because of this prohibitory tariff (the McKinley bill, now repealed) and nothing else."

Are you a member of organized labor? Are you not bound by every pledge that is sacred, to exert every effort to protect yourself and your brother from harm that may come to him from within and from without your order? Are you true to yourself or true to him, or your loved ones at home when by your vote you place the insolent, arrogant labor-hating Mark Hanna (who will then control McKinley as he controls him now) in a position to disrupt every labor union in the country?

We believe that in the restoration of silver to its legitimate office as standard coin its bullion value will be so enhanced by the demand created by its free and unlimited coinage that no difficulty will be experienced in maintaining silver at a parity with other standard money; and so we denounce as false and malicious the statements so frequently made by our opponents that free coinage means a dollar of less value than one hundred cents.—Resolution of the New York Democracy.

Senator Brice, of Ohio, has finally announced his opposition to Bryan. This was quite to be expected, and the wonder is that he has been so slow about it. Cal. Brice and his fellow-plutocrats are not running the democratic party any more and that is why it is so popular and is going to win this election.

Does John M. Palmer indorse the administration idea that it is treason to protest against sending federal troops into Illinois to do the work of local policemen?

This campaign is not so much a contest of political parties as it is a protest of a large majority of 70,000,000 of liberty-loving people against financial slavery.

HALF RATES SOUTH.

One way and round-trip tickets South at half rates via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. on vestibuled limited trains. Tickets on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesdays each month. Ask your ticket agent or write to Passenger Agent.



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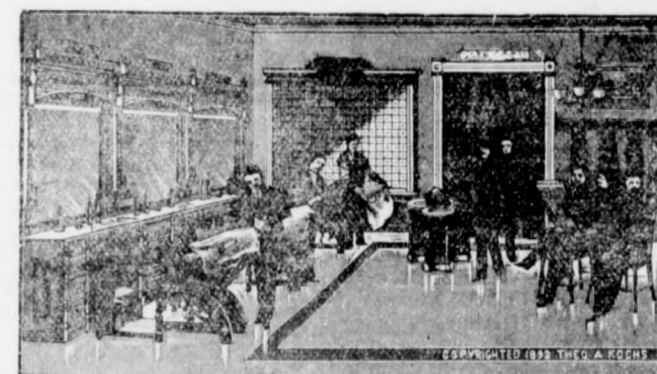
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Mention this paper.

The democrats are absolutely confident that Bryan will carry Iowa by 25,000. In 1892 the state gave Harrison 219,503 and Cleveland, Weaver and the prohibition candidate 222,888 votes. The vote is now consolidated on Bryan, and to its majority of 3,365 over Harrison in 1892 must be added a change of 25,000 free silver republican votes. The democrats will not lose 10,000 golding votes, and thus confidently count on a safe majority, and a gain of several congressmen.

The republican national committee has thus far expended \$4,800,000 in the campaign. They have a reserve fund of \$3,000,000, and in case of emergency are authorized to draw on New York, Philadelphia and Chicago capitalists for \$10,000,000 more. If money can buy an election, Mr. McKinley will win. Against these enormous amounts the silver forces have raised by popular subscription less than \$100,000, all of which has been used in the printing and distribution of literature.

A large flouring mill, the property of Mrs. D. L. Peters, was destroyed by fire at Greenup, Ill., Thursday night. Mrs. D. L. Peters with her husband formerly resided in this city on north Jackson street in the residence now occupied by H. M. Randall. Since the death of Dave Peters, Mrs. Peters has managed the flouring mill in addition to the management of a farm. The mill was estimated to have been worth \$13,000 and there was about \$8,000 insurance on mill and contents.

Mr. Bert Welch and wife, of Indianapolis, will spend Sunday with Mrs. Alice Welch on Poplar street.

Big Four Route

EAST.
No 361 Chicago to New York, Boston, 2:50 a. m.
No 21 Indianapolis to New York, Boston, 8:12 a. m.
No 41 Indianapolis to New York, Boston, 10:50 a. m.
No 82 Indianapolis to New York, Boston, 4:14 p. m.
No 181 Chicago to New York, Boston, 7:21 p. m.
No 22 Sunday, Indianapolis, 11:10 a. m.
WEST.
No 351 St. Louis Night Limited, 12:32 a. m.
No 91 St. Louis to Chicago, 8:12 a. m.
No 111 St. Louis Day Limited, 12:44 a. m.
No 51 Mattson, Limited, 4:47 p. m.
No 31 Terre Haute Accom., 7:30 p. m.
No 23 Sunday Mattson Limited, 6:52 p. m.
Trains daily.
Trains daily except Sunday.
No. 2 connects at Indianapolis for Cincinnati and Michigan Divisions.
No. 4 connects with L. & W. and with trains to Peoria and Chicago.
F. P. HUESTIS, Agent.

VANDALIA LINE.

In effect Aug. 2, 1896. Trains leave Greencastle, Ind.

FOR THE WEST.
No. 5 Daily, For St. Louis, 9:41 a. m.
No 21 Daily, " " " 3:15 p. m.
No 7 Daily, " " " 5:52 p. m.
No 11 Daily, For St. Louis, 8:32 p. m.
No 15 Daily, For Terre Haute, 8:52 p. m.
No 3 Ex. Sun., " " " 5:38 p. m.

FOR THE EAST.
No 20 Daily, For Indianapolis, 1:45 a. m.
No 8 Daily, " " " 3:15 p. m.
No 6 Daily, " " " 4:50 a. m.
No 12 Daily, " " " 12:15 a. m.
No 4 Ex. Sun., " " " 8:15 a. m.

For complete time card, giving all trains and stations, and for full information as to rates, through cars, etc., address J. S. Dowling agent, Greencastle, Ind., or E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

MUNION ROUTE

LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO RY. CO.

In effect Sept. 13, 1896.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 4 Chicago to St. Louis, 1:13 a. m.
No 49 Chicago Express, 12:17 p. m.
No 44 Local freight, 11:40 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.
No. 38 Southern Mail, 2:40 a. m.
No 59 Southern Express, 2:17 p. m.
No 43 Local freight, 12:17 p. m.
Daily. Daily except Sunday.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

"IF"

Wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek
Two things observe with care,
Plaster your house with Aeneas Cement
And not with Lime and hair.
—R. B. HURLEY

GREENCASTLE, IND., SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 24, 1896.

SCIENTIFIC CORNER.

CURRENT NOTES OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

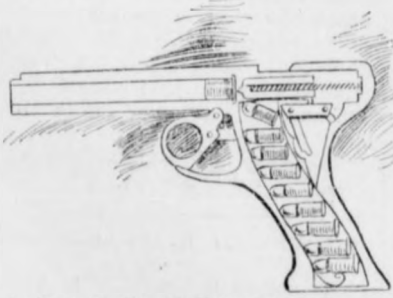
The Examination of Plumbing as a Safeguard to Health — A Chicagoans Tiny Watch — A Magazine Pistol — Railway Accidents Caused by Heat.

PHYSICIANS and sanitary experts tell us that outbreaks of fever and other diseases that frequently occur during the autumn may be caused by the neglect of a few simple sanitary precautions. When leaving the house for the summer it is well to see that the traps and pipes are all in perfect order, that there be no leakages. Flushing the pipes several times during the summer is of great importance, also the free use of disinfectants. Before taking possession of a house that has stood unoccupied for any length of time, all of the inside doors should be opened, the windows and outside doors closed, and four or five pounds of sulphur should be burned in the cellar. This may be done with perfect safety if a cast iron pan containing water is placed on the cement floor, a smaller pan containing hot ashes and coals put into this, and upon the coals a package of powdered sulphur is placed. It will neither explode nor blaze, but smolder and smoke, and if inflammable articles are removed from the immediate vicinity there is not the slightest danger in leaving it to burn out and thoroughly fumigate the place.

Railway Accident Caused by Heat.
A passenger train on the North British railway met with a curious accident which engineers attribute to the intense heat which prevailed on that day. The train when rounding a curve left the rails and ran on the ballast for nearly four hundred feet before it could be stopped. This state of things was brought about by the spreading of the rails from the expansion caused by the heat. According to the report the thermometer on that day and at this point registered 128 degrees. The derailing occurred at noon while the track was exposed to the full rays of the sun. The expansion took place within a few hours, as an inspector had passed over the road during the forenoon and everything appeared to be in the usual condition. As the train approached the spot the engineer saw that the rails were badly warped, and although he at once applied the brake, it was too late to stop. The curious feature of the mishap was that the engine remained on the track, having gone safely over the spread rails. In connection with this account comes the statement that the road had not been kept in the very best condition.

Protection for Safes.
While there may be some plausible pretext for setting traps for mischievous persons and animals, there can be but little urged in favor of this practice when any number of individuals have access to the place in which the traps are placed. An inventor has brought out a device by means of which, when a safe-door is opened a hammer falls, and a glass vessel containing poisonous chemicals is broken. The fumes of the drug either stupefy or kill the burglar. All this is very well, if no one but the burglar ever went there, but should some interested person attempt to open the safe, he might forget that the trap was placed, and be suffocated by the vapor of the chemicals. Such devices involve too much risk to the innocent ever to become popular.

Magazine Pistol.
A magazine pistol, pocket size, has been patented by Martin Bye, of Worcester, Mass., the operation of which is indicated by the cut. The "Grip" or handle constitutes the magazine, and when fully loaded holds ten cartridges, which are successively delivered to the discharge chambers by a spring, the firing pin being operated by a trigger



similar to the ordinary pistol or revolver trigger.—New Ideas.

"16 to 1."
A Subscriber asks the meaning of the expression "16 to 1," so often used in discussing the monetary questions of the day. Answer: There are 371.25 grains of pure silver in a silver dollar, and 23.22 grains of pure gold in a gold dollar. In 1792 the ratio of value of coin of the two metals was fixed by law

at 15 to 1, as representing the relative commercial values of the metals. In 1834 it was changed to 16.002 to 1, and in 1837 it was placed at the present ratio of 16 to 1.

The Manufacture of Paraffin.
Paraffin is one of the most valuable products of petroleum, and its manufacture has been brought to such perfection that it is scarcely possible to improve upon it. By the most approved processes the wax is redistilled for the purpose of reducing to the desired gravity and crystallizing the wax. Then the oil is frozen by processes similar to those employed for producing artificial ice. The apparatus for this work is of the most complete and scientific construction. Enormously powerful pumps force the frozen oil into filter presses and convert the wax into a solid cake. The uses of paraffin are manifold, and every detail of its manufacture is of the greatest interest to all scientists.

A Chicagoans Tiny Watch.
The smallest watch in the world is set in a finger ring. This novel timekeeper is worn constantly by R. P. Holden, a Chicagoan. It has kept perfect time for years. The convenience of having an accurate time-piece on your finger and therefore constantly in sight will appeal to every one.

The watch ring looks like an ordinary seal ring. The tiny clock face is covered with a thick crystal set flush with the surface of the ring. The delicate mechanism of this diminutive timepiece is completely buried in the band of the ring. The setting is so small, however, as not to appear



clumsy or ill-proportioned. The face of the watch is not as large as the end of an ordinary lead pencil.

Improving the Complexion.
Carrie G. and Mollie Bawn want to know how they may improve their complexions. They are troubled with blackheads and freckles. Ans.—Blackheads are caused by the accumulation of dirt or other matter in the pores of the skin. Careful and long-continued bathing of the face in warm water will usually soften the skin so that they may be pressed out. Then the same sort of bathing will prevent their return. Freckles may be removed by the persistent use of dioxide of hydrogen.

Studying Designing.
Young Man and Annette J. want to know where one can learn designing. Answer: Among the best places to obtain instruction in this branch of business is Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. The pay one would receive for such work when the course was completed would depend entirely upon circumstances. A few persons have a natural gift for such work, and get good pay; others do moderately well, and others, who can merely copy or modify or alter existing patterns, receive very little.

Banana Leaves.
Banana leaves serve many useful purposes, for of them are made tough paper, from the thinnest tissue to thickest card-board; clothing, hats and brushes, mats and hammocks. Millions of pounds of banana fiber, misnamed Manila "hemp," are each year brought to the United States or taken to Europe, and spun into cordage from the fineness of silk up through the size of twine to the bigness of mammoth cables; and many a dainty handkerchief and bit of fine lace has been woven from the fibers of banana leaves by the deft fingers of the women of South America and of the far east.

Effect of Electricity on Aluminum Wire.
It has been ascertained by experiments that an electric current sent through an aluminum wire heated it to a temperature of four hundred degrees above its melting point. The marvel was that it did not drop. This was accounted for by the fact that the oxidized film on its surface was sufficiently strong to keep it together. A magnet moved gently about in its neighborhood caused it to wave and curve, and to coil and twist and almost tie itself into knots.

Venetian Glass.
There is a strong sentiment growing up in the public mind in favor of blown glass as against cut glass, and when one has taken careful note of the exquisitely tinted blown glass of Murano there is little wonder. The glass-blowers of this island have been steadily at work reviving all of the beautiful old ideas and fancies of the ancient Venetians, and the glass they are turning out is attracting deserved attention among connoisseurs.

The chemical constituents of the mushroom are almost identical with those of meat, and it possesses the same nourishing properties.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes — Gowns for Ball-Room Wear — Dressing the Little Girls — Woes of the Debutantes — About Headwear.

THE illustration shows one of the new long redingotes. It is of iron gray cloth and is tight-fitting, closing in the middle of the front. The top of the side seams at the back is closed by two short stitched

straps of cloth held by buttons, and two similar straps are placed at the waist in front. The cape is cut in sections, each breadth being outlined by a steel cord. The ornamentation consists of short straps, like those on the body of the garment, the straps being edged with cord and fastened with steel buttons.

Where Vases Are to Be Bought.
Many offenses against beauty and art have been perpetrated in recent years under the plea of decorating the home. Shun the big, shining gilt vases, usually in the shape of pitchers, which are always sold in pairs and which are generally found incumbering the mantels of the newly rich. Oftentimes these brass or gilded cast iron ornaments represent enough money to have pur-

chased real treasures in way of cloisonne, Doultan, Benares, Whitefriars crystal or Sevres.

The woman who wants vases, but who has not the vase fund of the minkado, will do well to line her purse with a few dollars and visit a first-class Japanese art store, not the sort, however, where all the Japanese goods are of American manufacture. If the art emporium is visited, let her ask to see some banko ware, commonly a grayish pottery with flights of storks, sprays of chrysanthemums or a maple leaf decoration, and an additional charm—the numerous imprints of the potter's thumb. Vases of this ware are to be found in all sizes and shapes and at all prices, many of those costing but a few cents being veritable works of art. Vases of the Tokonabe ware, with the scaly sun snake and fierce war dragon winding about them, are to be had in all sizes and forms. A large and handsome specimen of this ware can be had for \$3. For the hearth or for corners on the floor where a mass of bloom is desired, and where a non-upsettable vase is required, these are admirable.

Left His Gem Behind.
It is not long since that a stately and graceful girl entered a street car on one of the principal thoroughfares on the west side. It was at an hour when the cars are but scantily patronized, and the only other occupants of the car were two ladies and a man. She was faultlessly attired, and the women who sat opposite her eyed her tailor-made costume admiringly—perhaps a little enviously. She paid her fare, exhibiting as she did so a pretty little purse exceedingly well filled. This fat purse she returned to her pocket, and half turned as she sat down to look out of the window. The other women, after carefully examining every detail

of her charming blue costume from throat to hem and appraising its cost to the remotest fraction of a dollar, turned and looked out of their own windows. Nobody noticed the man, who was well dressed, but otherwise insignificant in guise, save for a magnificent diamond on his finger.

But the man, who sat not far away from the stately girl, was not so absorbed in the passing show of the sidewalk. Slowly he edged nearer to the flowing blue skirt with the line of the pocket just revealed by the white tip of a handkerchief. The girl's mind had wandered from the sidewalk and was lost in plans of her own, but she was not too dreamy to be conscious of a hand gently groping in her pocket. Nerved by indignation, she turned and grasped through the cloth the hand of the well-dressed man which was taking the purse out of her pocket, and even as she did so he released his hold of the purse, wrenched the hand from her grasp and fled from the car, leaving three astonished women to stare and exclaim.

So far this is not a remarkable or unusual story, but one can't say the same of its conclusion. The stately girl went home and to her dressing-room to prepare for dinner. As she pulled from her pocket the purse and handkerchief something fell out of the folds of the latter and tinkled on the floor. It was the would-be thief's diamond ring—a very beautiful one, which the girl afterward had reset and occasionally wears for a whim's sake. The ring was too loose for its owner, and as he wrenched his hand from the girl's hold it had slipped off. Naturally he failed to claim it—and for that matter it had probably cost him nothing.

For Ball-Room Wear.
The sweetest flower silks that fairly send out fragrance from the buds are sold this year for ball gowns. The silk is a taffeta, and the roses stand out in satin. Old-fashioned, you say, but pretty, you are bound to declare. One of these dresses depends entirely upon lace and pink taffeta ribbon for its sleeves. The ribbon winds in and out of the lace irregularly and is

brought out and tied in knots and bows at intervals. The color of the ribbon sets off the lace admirably. The groundwork of the dress is cream with lady slipper pink roses. The belt is a crush of velvet of a peculiar crimson known as crimson lake and the ribbons repeat this color.

As this dress is for a very ceremonious occasion it has a long train, but for the receptions of the winter and for ball gowns trains will be shorter. This dress is suitable for a court function



Bridesmaids and Their Duties.
In olden days the bridesmaids were supposed to look after the bride's pecuniary interest. Thus, at the church porch, when the bridegroom produced the ring and other articles relating to his marriage, the chief bridesmaid took charge of the "dow purse," which was publicly given to the bride as an installment of her pin money. Horace Walpole, writing to Miss Berry, in the year 1791, speaks of the dow purse as a thing of the past, and writes as follows:

"Our wedding is over very properly, though with little ceremony, and nothing of ancient fashion, but two bridesmaids. The endowing purse, I believe, has been left off since the broad pieces were called in and melted down."

and is elegantly lined throughout with pale pink taffeta. A touch of green to give it tone is found in the tiny vine panel which is of delicate touches of green and pink. Emeralds are the jewels worn. And this combination of pink and green is the prettiest seen in years upon evening gowns. The popular pink and blue fades beside it.

Little Girl's Gown.
An illustration is given of a girl's frock of suede wool goods having a printed design in two shades of brown. The skirt is plain. The bodice has a plastron of white embroidered silk opening in a square over a vest of blue



velvet. A bertha of white lace outlines the plastron, which is closed under bows of blue velvet held by a buckle. The tight woolen sleeves have small velvet cuffs and large draped woolen puffs.

Before the gilded cheval-glass.
She donned her satin gown; From shoulders white, and slender waist, Its richness rippled down. In folds of flame along the floor She trailed its crimson hue: "I cannot wear his flowers tonight, Alas! that they are blue."

Behind the little withered stems With silken ribbon tied, Too well the velvet blossoms kept Their secret 'till they died. Two colors more the spinster Fate Into her shuttle threw, The crimson of a satin gown, The violets' tender blue.

—Minna Irving in Truth.

His Sentence.
The Court—Now, then, what are you here for this time?
Tufford Knutt—Fightin', yer Honor. Me an' Mosely Wraggs had a scrap over a question o' grammar. He said it wuz right to say "between you and I," an' I said it ought to be "betwixt you an' I." He told me I wuz a ignomunus, an' I slugged 'im.
"Fighting about a question of grammar, were you? H'm. Prisoner, would you say 'I see wood,' or 'I saw wood?'"
"I saw wood," I reckon, yer Honor."
"Well, that's what you'll do at the workhouse for the next thirty days. Call the next case!"

More Than a Fly-Speck.
Tourist—"This is a lovely spot, isn't it?"
Native—"A spot? Stranger, there's close to twelve hundred people in this town!"—Puck.

An Inspiration Seeker.
Dick (Yale '97)—Come on, Jack; don't stand there all day watching that brutal dog fight.
Jack Halfback (excitedly)—Hold on, Dick; wait a jiffy! I'm getting an inspiration for a new college yell.

An Outdoor Life.
Mrs. Candid—"I can't see why you go to the seaside in summer to live in a stuffy little room that is no bigger than one of the closets in your town house."
Mrs. Gadd—"O, I go there for an outdoor life, and these small rooms compel me to indulge in it, no matter how lazy I am."—Truth.

His Individual Alliance.
Traveler—"It was a terrible position, sir, surrounded by enormous snakes, and no weapon of defense. What would you have done, sir?"
Jagshy—"Well, bromide generally pulls me through all right."—Truth.

Fancies in Headgear.
Among the newest imported models one's admiration is immediately commanded by the beautiful Marie Louise bonnet.

THE JOKER'S CORNER.

CURRENT WIT AND HUMOR, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Violets Blue — The Bicycle Boom Has Reached the Nursery — An Inspiration Seeker — Flotsam and Jetsam from Humor's Tide.

E sent her dainty violets Tied up with ribbon white, And in between the silver stems He hid a note from sight. "With these," he wrote in manly phrase, "I send my heart to you, And if you care to keep it, love, Then wear the violets blue."

Before the gilded cheval-glass She donned her satin gown; From shoulders white, and slender waist, Its richness rippled down. In folds of flame along the floor She trailed its crimson hue: "I cannot wear his flowers tonight, Alas! that they are blue."

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The Boom Now in the Nursery.



"Grandma, when I am an angel will I have wings?"
"I hope so, dear. Why do you ask?"
"Cause I think I'd rather have a bicycle!"—Collier's Weekly.

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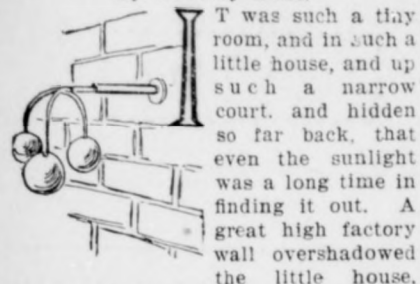
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Among the newest imported models one's admiration is immediately commanded by the beautiful Marie Louise bonnet.

THREE GOLDEN BALLS.

By Dorothy Dene.



and this made it all the harder for the sun to get near it. When he got to it at last he looked through the window just under the roof.

What he saw must have pleased him very much, for he came back after that whenever he could and stayed just as long as he could. He and a certain wonderful ivy which grew in a soap box in the window soon became great friends, and the visits of the sunlight were eagerly watched for by the graceful ivy.

Indeed, the sun seemed to have a fondness for everything in the little room. It used to wander over to the bed in the corner and touch its snowy white coverlet; then it would shine upon the little stove opposite the window. I must tell you here that I really think the stove was jealous of the sunlight. You see, it had such a polish that it shone itself, and when the sun was not about the fire in the stove seemed to burn brighter.

The old-fashioned bureau showed its age more than ever when the sun shone upon it, as old things and old people are apt to do when the sun shines on them. The well-worn deal table was always scoured so white and clean that the sun was very fond of it. The two things that he loved best of all, though, were the sweet-faced old woman who sat so much in the big rocking-chair and the ivy in the window. His last lingering glance was always at these.

He couldn't quite understand why it was that the old man he saw there on Sundays and heard talk in such a gentle voice to the sweet-faced woman was never there at any other time, until one day he saw him, in the early morning, going into a mill at the other end of the town. The old man was not very quick in his step, and his shoulders stooped from bending so much over the loom. His hair was white and his hands were thin, and the sunlight touched him very gently as he passed through the mill yard gate.

But there was much going on in the little room that the sunlight knew nothing of. The dear old woman, who was so fond of the shabby rocking-chair, was seldom idle. She seemed to have an endless number of stockings to knit; but these always disappeared as soon as finished. Her own stockings and "mes" (James was the old man with gentle voice) needed careful mending to keep them whole. Sometimes mending was done by candle-light; James would shake his head, and a stocking would be laid aside, here was never any work done on Saturday night. That was the night



HIS HEAD BURIED IN HIS HANDS. When the old woman would sit with her hands resting idly in her lap, while James would placidly smoke his pipe, and between the whiffs read to his wife the news of the week.

They were old, these two, and life had gone hard with them, most would say; but their love only deepened as the years went by, and sorrow served but to bring them closer together.

The days came and went, and gradually the old man's step grew slower and slower and Margery's face more wrinkled. The fire tried its best to make things look bright and cheerful about the little room, but there was not much coal used these days, and it had hard work. The ivy was the only thing that did not seem to feel that something was wrong. It grew so high that there was danger of the sunlight's not being able to peep in the window if it kept on.

On Sundays, no matter what the weather might be, the old couple went to church. They were always neatly dressed; but their clothes were beginning to show signs of constant wear. Times were hard, people said, and many mills were working only on half time; some were even shutting down altogether. Winter was drawing on, and the outlook was gloomy.

The sunlight was surprised to find the old man at home one week-day near the end of the autumn, but as the winter wore on he grew accustomed to seeing him there.

One Monday he met James on the street, and saw him enter a shop in front of which three golden balls were hanging. He noticed that James looked about before going in; he felt ashamed of being seen. When he came out he looked very old, and the sunlight wondered what had become of the old silver chain he always wore with his big silver watch.

Strange, that parting with such a trifle should make a man look old.

When Saturday night came James went again to the shop with the three

golden balls, but when he came out he wore the silver chain.

Week after week this was repeated, and there never was a Sunday when James did not have his silver watch to wear to church.

The sunlight began to wonder why it was that nowadays Margery sat so often idle in the big rocking-chair; indeed, she seldom even rocked now. When her eyes were open they had a far-away look in them, as though her thoughts had wandered back to the days when her little ones were clustered around her. But the soft, gray eyes were rarely open when the sunlight came.

Later on he grew to look for her on the little white bed.

Once or twice he saw James going to church alone, and took a good look to see whether he wore the watch chain. Yes, there it was, but it didn't seem to shine quite as much as it used to.

Poor James! When he stood at Margery's bedside, after coming in from church, he would try to smile, so that the dear wife, as she lay with her face on the pillow, might not know how he was suffering. Then Margery would ask faintly what time it was, and James would open the silver watch. Then the sunlight would make the dull silver shine so that Margery would smile up at James and say that she was so glad, so glad, that he could have it another Sunday.

Something would rise up in James' throat, but he would try to look glad. Margery didn't see his hand shake as he put the watch back in his pocket.

But when Monday came it was again in the shop with the three golden balls.

When Sunday dawned there was no frail figure lying on the little white bed, and James was sitting by the window with his elbows on his knees, his head buried in his hands. The sunlight lingered with him as long as it could, and when at last it had to go away James never missed it.

The next day it came again and found James still sitting by the window, his head still bowed and buried in his hands.

In the old churchyard, close by the gray stone wall, are two new-made graves. Growing over these, as though joining them together with its loving embrace, is an ivy green among whose leaves the sunlight loves to linger.

In the shop with the three golden balls they wondered for a time what had become of the stoop-shouldered old man who used to come every Saturday night for that old silver watch and chain. But they soon forgot all about it.

Three Blessings.

An old clergyman who formerly lived in a new Hampshire town was remarkable for his eccentric modes of speech. His way of asking a blessing was so peculiar as to sometimes effect the risibles of his guests, although he apparently was entirely unconscious of this fact. When he seated himself at the breakfast table, and saw spread upon it a meal greatly to his liking, he said: "Lord, we thank thee for this excellent breakfast of which we are to partake." A more simple meal, but one which he still regarded as comparatively satisfactory, would cause him to say, "Lord, we thank thee for this good breakfast set before us." But when the minister's eye roamed over the table and saw nothing which was especially to his taste, although the tone in which he uttered his petition was not lacking in fervor, his sentiments were clearly to be discovered. "Lord," he invariably said on these occasions, "fill our hearts with thankfulness, we beseech thee, for this meal set before us; for with thee all things are possible."—Youth's Companion.

An All-Around Man.

The Tifton Gazette has discovered a justice of the peace who "takes the prize." By arrangement with the ordinary he was authorized to issue marriage licenses. In these days the negroes were beginning to enjoy the luxury of marrying just like white folks, and the J. P. was gathering in quite a lot of shekels, as he not only pocketed the license fee, but also charged a stiff price for tying the knot.

One day a dark hued couple presented themselves as candidates for matrimony, and he soon sent them on their way rejoicing. In a few days the man returned and stated that he could not live "wid dat 'ar 'oman."

"Very well," said the J. P., stroking his long judicial beard, "bring me \$15 and I'll give you a divorce."

The negro returned with the money in a few days and was solemnly divorced "by due process of law."

This is the only instance on record where one man exercised the power of an ordinary, a magistrate, a preacher, a clerk of the superior court, a judge of the superior court and twelve jurors.

A Traveler's Tale.

The tall man with the literary stoop in his shoulders then broke the silence. "The average native of Porto Rico," he began, "is so large that he will fill a good sized hoghead."

A loud protest went up from the loungers in front of the postoffice. The tall man cleared his throat again.

"I ought to add," he said, in a softened tone, "that he will fill the hoghead with dark-brown molasses."

Whereupon the hour for dinner having arrived the house adjourned until 2 p. m. without ceremony.—New York World.

Asking Too Much.

"I demand to be recognized!" screamed the member from the umpty-eighth district.

"Impossible!" said the speaker, looking freezingly through her lorgnette. "The lady is not in our set."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A ONE-RAIL RAPID TRANSIT ROAD.

A railroad system that on a single rail with single cars, combining engine, passenger coach and baggage carrier, will travel with the swiftness of the wind, is the curious invention of a man in Wyoming. It is no mere theory planned on paper simply to create wonder and be of no practical use. William T. Shaffer has patented his idea and has a model road in full working order near his home. This very unique railway is designed to carry passengers, mail and express matter between populous points, particularly in crowded cities, taking the place of the present elevated railroad and attaining a speed heretofore unequalled by any railway train.



The car is used on a single rail, elevated upon posts, which are connected near their tops by beams, or stringers, and are braced with truss rods. On each side of this row of posts is placed a guide rail, the bearing surface of which is placed at right angles with the face of the top rail.

For passengers the car has one row of double seats next to the windows, and the aisle, or passageway, is next to the inner wall. The car is practically two cars, one of which travels on either side of the rail. They are joined by a bridge, or cupola, at the center. The trucks, with two wheels each, are placed one before the other behind the bridge. These main carry-

ing wheels are double-flanged, the space between the flanges being somewhat wider than the face of the rail.

Underneath the car on each side are two guide wheels, which stand at right angles with the upper wheels and run upon the two lower guide rails, the purpose being to steady the side motion of the car. These guide wheels press firmly upon their respective rails, but are provided with short, strong springs in their boxes, so as to allow them to yield slightly in rounding curves. In this device the horizontal wheels underneath the body of the car, running on the guide rails, carry the load around a curve with scarcely any friction except that of

fastened to yokes, and they ride all the time a short distance above the rail. In case of any settling the shoe would contact with the rail, and, in addition to supporting the car in its proper position, would serve as an automatic brake to "slow up" the motion of the car. Electricity is the motive power of this single track car, the rotary engine and motor being just above the single rail and between the two sides of the car. The wheels of this combination car can be made three times as large as the ordinary engine wheels, and consequently the same number of revolutions which carry the present engine at the rate of fifty miles an hour will carry this car 150 miles an hour.

smooth, oiled journals. If it should be found that head winds prevent a high rate of speed the square end of the car can be narrowed to a point, so as to afford as little wind resistance as possible. The axles are all short, the longest not exceeding twenty-four inches in length. The sweep of a large wheel does not pound any uneven place on the rail with that force that a small wheel does, and, as it covers a broader space, is not so apt to break a frosty rail.

In case a wheel or axle should break, which would have a tendency to let the cars fall, there are arranged a series of shoes, grooved on the inner side, to center on the rails. These shoes are

Steam power can be used on roads of this description if it is desired, but it is especially designed for electricity as a motive power. In cities it is proposed to elevate the road to a sufficient height to clear all vehicles and leave a free roadway beneath. In the country, however, it will only be necessary to elevate the road to a sufficient height to clear the ground, and at crossings, where the elevation can be made sufficient to allow teams to pass beneath the rail. The first cost of such a road will be somewhat greater than the ordinary road, but the inventor says it will be cheaper in the end, as there will be no constant repairs for roadbed or keeping the track clear.

WHY IT DIDN'T OCCUR.

The Bride Not a Citizen and So No License Could Be Had.

Franklin M. Edinger, a grocer at 114½ street, southwest, was headed straight for the realms of matrimonial bliss one day recently and making record time until he reached the city hall and applied for a license, says the Washington Post. There he took a sudden header into an abyss of despair and 18-year-old Lena Jobst was shedding tears that night. These young people had talked the matter over and arranged for a quiet little wedding, to which their friends were to be invited. The prospective bridegroom's face wore a radiant smile as he bounded into the clerk's office. It was all right—he was 28 and Lena was 18; he was quite sure she was 18 and would be 19 in December. He was a citizen of the United States, he told the clerk, and then the clerk said:

"Is Lena a citizen, too?" That struck the applicant as rather a good joke, and he laughed and said he would tell Lena when he went home, but the clerk finally convinced Franklin that he was thoroughly in earnest; that it was necessary to swear Lena was a citizen. Well, the man who was trying to become a benedict said he did not know. Lena had been brought to the United States by her parents when she was 2 years old. Was her father naturalized? Didn't know that, either; the father was dead and they could not ask him.

"Well, that settles it," the clerk observed. "I am afraid we can't do anything for you. The law, enacted by the last congress, says: 'No license for any marriage shall hereafter be issued to which any citizen of a foreign country shall be a party until a minister or a consul representing such foreign country in the United States shall certify that the conditions to the validity of the marriage laws of such country shall have been complied with.'"

And that is why a certain wedding announced to take place in South Washington society has been declared off. It would, no doubt, puzzle a foreign minister or a consul to find out whether Lena Jobst complied fully with all the marriage laws of Germany and lived up to them strictly to the time she was 2 years old, so there is really nothing left for this couple to do but get married somewhere else. It was some time before the clerk could make Franklin believe that the law could in any way prevent his marrying Lena, but when he thoroughly grasped the situation he expressed an opinion of the whole law-making power in language almost strong enough to change the marriage regulations without the intervention of congress.

A Kitchen Telephone Service.

A novelty in the extension of the

telephone, introduced in San Francisco, may be called a kitchen telephone service. For fifty cents per month the local company will supply an instrument by which orders may be given to the butcher, grocer or other tradesmen, but through which no return answer can be received. A further concession is to allow communication with one other subscriber, but any other communication must be at the rate of five cents per call. The limit upon the service makes it improbable that any more than two calls a day will be made, and these can be provided at the low rate. It is inferred that the service is introduced for the purpose of educating the householder as to the advantage and convenience of the telephone, with the expectation that the limited service at the higher rate.—Boston Transcript.

Two Novel Parachutes.

An Italian aeronaut, named Capazza, has invented two balloon attachments, which are said to have fully realized the expectations formed of them. The one is an enormous parachute stretched over a balloon, and the other a folded, inverted parachute, which immediately acts as a huge air brake and effectually retards progress.

On the other hand should the air vessel explode through expansion, fire or any other cause, the top parachute comes into action and a descent may be made without the slightest inconvenience.

A Weeping Tree.

The weeping tree of the Canary islands is one of the wonders of plant life. It is of the laurel family, and rains down a copious shower of water drops from its tufted foliage. This water is often collected at the foot of the tree and forms a kind of pond, from which the inhabitants of the neighborhood can supply themselves with a beverage that is absolutely fresh and pure. The water comes out of the tree itself through innumerable little pores situated at the margin of the leaves. It issues from the plant as vapor during the daytime when the heat is sufficiently great to preserve it in that condition, but in the evening, when the temperature has lowered very much, a considerable quantity of it is exuded in the form of liquid drops that collect near the edges of the leaves until these members so bend down under their increasing weight as to pass, for them, the limit of the angle of repose, when the tears tumble off on the ground below in a veritable shower.—London Mail.

Leading electricians claim that the new vacuum tube light will be three times as brilliant as the present light and its cost only one-third as much.

DINNER CARDS.

How to Make the Bits of Pasteboard Provoke Merriment.

These dainty bits of pasteboard can be charmingly quaint and original, or else (as we often see) absolutely without ornamentation, or, what is worse, decorated in the poorest manner, says the Philadelphia Press. There is no reason why the ingenuity and art expended on all the other details of the table should not be extended to these cards. Many a time one sees a little scene or flower in water-colors which has all the appearance of being cribbed from a Christmas card. Pen-and-ink sketches are seldom noticed and yet there one has scope for originality. Some little bit taken from a funny paper, or, if clever enough, out of one's own head, has all the attraction of novelty. Cupids, flowers, love letters and slippers for women; pipes, horses and dogs for the men. A clever idea is to sketch in fanciful letters the words: "Who the (then draw a devil) sits here?" If the hostess desires to touch upon the little vanities and weaknesses for her guests here is her opportunity. Upon the author's card may be drawn a figure writing in the book of fame; for the musician, a muse playing on the lyre; for the man who talks too much, a parrot, shrieking: "Words! Words! Words!" and for the college girl, Cupid, in cap and gown, etc. Another source of comfort to be derived from the artistic cards would be the final death of that most awkward pause when the women are removing their gloves and the weather and the opera have not yet become the subjects of disinterested conversation. With these merry bits of pasteboard at each plate an occasion for laughter and jest would be given.

A Tree with a Story.

A Norridgewock (Me.) farmer entertained 100 friends the other day, the table for the collation being set under a willow tree which has an interesting story. The day after President Lincoln was assassinated the farmer chanced to be three miles from home, and, to assist him in his walk across lots, cut a willow limb, which he used for a cane. As he climbed the fence into his yard he stuck the "cane" into the ground, top end down. It took root and grew, as willows often do, and today is a large tree, covering a space fifty-two feet in diameter.—New York Tribune.

A New Telephone.

Edison's new telephone, a sample of which he had given to Li Hung Chang, does away with the receiver, and permits a business man to carry on a conversation at a distance of a few feet from the instrument, which is placed against the wall of a room, without leaving his desk or touching the instrument, which works automatically.

CAMPING IN COLORADO.

Something About a Very Pleasant-ting Enjoyed This Fall.

Whoever would enjoy the pleasure of existence; whoever would extend the power for such enjoyment; whoever would continue his life and seek to lessen the remembrances of the burdens going hand in hand with that pleasure, must break away from desk and the grinds of modern office life, and seek rest and health in the rougher yet kinder environments of Nature. Among the cloud-capped mountains and in the canons which separate them, men live to be grizzled and brawny, with appetites which devour all food with avidity and relish, and which the city man, afflicted with indigestion, envies whenever chance affords the opportunity for self comparison, more than anything else. I speak from a personal knowledge of the fact, for these reflections were induced by a recent visit to the heart of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad takes the traveler at Denver and carries him amidst the splendor of scenery on every hand, to the confines of the wilderness, high up in the clouds, where birds and beasts and fishes are free, but where men have also encroached, and are spending their lives in digging and blasting for the precious minerals which the mountains hide behind their rocky fronts. Camping outfits which belong to city people, out for a good time, "roughing it," are to be seen in many of the beautiful parks, made by the rush of waters and left when they receded to their newly-established beds. It's the thing to do, they hold, to spend a portion of the year away from business, and the theory that ten or eleven months of good work makes up for the time spent in regaining health, and is all that anybody ought to do, is gaining many converts. In the summer the mountains and the canons are lovely, but not more so, I think, than when in the Autumn they assume their royal colors and when the air has a snap in it, and the red rosebuds are fragrant as apples, and the grass which browned under the hot sun, has been refreshed by the later rains and is green, vying with the cedars and pines which tower above, reaching the clouds.

There are some fine lakes in the mountains west of the San Luis valley, and he who enjoys piscatorial sport may have his feast. The trout are those delicious spotted beauties which wear your patience when you are angling and give you such an opportunity to edify your friends on your return home. The enterprising Denver & Rio Grande road has reached the vicinity of the fishing resorts, as well as the mining camps, and the traveler can go as comfortably as he wishes to, until he reaches the point from which the way must be gone by wagon or on horseback. Alamosa is a good outfitting point—so is Monte Vista or Del Norte, or any of the many bustling towns which are passed. The weather is delightful until as late as January, and no inconvenience will be experienced at night if you do have to lie with the sky for a ceiling. We camped one night at Lake Fork, on the other side of a mountain 8,000 feet high, about six miles from the practically deserted village of Platora, and the old hero of Gettysburg, who had lost his right arm and his hearing at the same moment, and is now mining, with the help of his son, told us that across the lake there were plenty of bear and deer and mountain lions and other big game. It was so plenty that the ranch men and the cowboys gave it a wide berth, and relinquished the idea of sending cattle over there to graze, as they were sure to find fewer brands when they rounded them up later. The locality affords such variety of amusement that it is an ideal one for any company of friends, no matter how varied their tastes or their object in making the trip. Let me suggest to my readers that they try it, if not this Fall, then next Summer.

F. P. BAKER.

Pure Gold.

Gold, when refined from all impurities and alloys of inferior metals, is denominated pure. This means gold of twenty-four carats, and this is the standard recognized by the mint master and dealers in gold. As a matter of fact, however, there is no gold so pure. Gold of twenty-two carats is about as pure as it can be got. It has two parts of silver or one part of copper. The copper darkens the color of gold, while silver lightens it in color. Twenty-three carat gold is occasionally seen, which means a half a carat of silver and of copper. Ordinarily eighteen carat gold is the best gold that can be had. Certainly it is the best for jewelry, for pure gold, as it is called, is too soft and will wear away much faster than the owners of it desire.

A California Burglary.

A California burglar recently cut the screen door of a room on a porch, took out a pair of trousers, and cleared off with \$16.45, while the man and wife were arguing as to whether the cat was making the noise.

"The idea of making women our political equals!" exclaimed the man with the hat anchored to his coat by a half-inch cable; "there is not a position which one of them could fill—"

"Oh, yes, there is," broke in Mr. Henry Peck; "there is one job my wife could hold up to perfection."

"Name it!" exclaimed the excited orator.

"Secretary of war."—Buffalo Express.

POETRY OF FLOWER NAMES.

The nolina is named from nola, "a little bell."

The fuchsia is named after Leonard Fuchs, a noted German botanist.

The herpestis is named from a Greek word, meaning "a creeping thing."

The begonia was named in honor of M. Begon, a French patron of botany.

The lagerstroemia is named in honor of Magnus Lagerstroem of Gottenburg.

The saccolabium is named from two Latin words, meaning "baggy lipped."

SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The principal article of furniture in the Hall of Justice was a long, clumsy deal table, covered with green baize. At the head of this table sat the president and his court, with their hats on, backed by a heterogeneous collection of patriots officially connected in various ways with the proceedings that were to take place. Below the front of the table, a raised-off space, with a gallery beyond, was appropriated by the general public—mostly represented, as to the gallery, on this occasion, by women, all sitting together on forms, knitting, shirt-mending, and baby-linen making, as coolly as if they were at home. Parallel with the side of the table farthest from the great door of entrance, was a low platform raised off, on which the prisoners, surrounded by their guard, were now assembled to await their trial. The sun shone in brightly from a high window, and a hum of ceaseless talking pervaded the hall cheerfully, as Lomaque entered it. He was a privileged man here, as at the prison; and he made his way in by a private door, so as to pass the prisoners' platform, and to walk round it, before he got to a place behind the president's chair. Trudaine, standing with his sister on the outermost limits of the group, nodded significantly as Lomaque looked up at him for an instant. He had contrived on his way to the tribunal, to get an opportunity of reading the paper which the chief-agent had slipped into his cravat. It contained these lines:

"I have just discovered who the citizen and citoyenne Dubois are. There is no chance for you but to confess everything. By that means you may inculpate a certain citizen holding authority, and may make it his interest, if he loves his own life, to save yours and your sister's."

Arrived at the back of the president's chair, Lomaque recognized his two trusty subordinates, Magloire and Picard, waiting among the assembled patriot officials to give their evidence. Beyond them, leaning against the wall, addressed by no one, and speaking to no one, stood the superintendent, Danville. Doubt and suspense were written in every line of his face; the fretfulness of an uneasy mind expressed itself in his slightest gestures—even in his manner of passing a handkerchief over his face, on which the perspiration was gathering thick and fast already.

"Silence!" cried the usher of the court for the time being, a hoarse-voiced man in top-boots, with a huge sabre buckled to his side, and a bludgeon in his hand. "Silence for the citizen-president!" he reiterated, striking his bludgeon on the table.

The president rose and proclaimed that the sitting for the day had begun, then sat down again.

The momentary silence which followed was interrupted by a sudden confusion among the prisoners on the platform. Two of the guards sprang in among them. There was the thump of a heavy fall—a scream of terror from some of the female prisoners—then another dead silence, broken by one of the guards, who walked across the hall with a bloody knife in his hand, and laid it on the table. "Citizen-president," he said, "I have to report that one of the prisoners has just stabbed himself." There was a murmuring exclamation—"Is that all?" among the women spectators as they resumed their work. Suicide at the bar of justice was no uncommon occurrence under the Reign of Terror.

"Name?" asked the president, quietly taking up his pen and opening a book. "Martigne," answered the hump-backed gaoler, coming forward to the table.

"Description?"

"A royalist coachmaker to the tyrant Capet."

"Accusation?"

"Conspiracy in prison."

The president nodded, and entered in the book—"Martigne, coachmaker. Accused of conspiracy in prison. Anticipated course of law by suicide. Action accepted as sufficient confession of guilt. Goods confiscated. 1st Thermidor, year two of the Republic."

"Silence!" cried the man with the bludgeon, as the president dropped a little sand on the entry, and signing to the gaoler that he might remove the dead body, closed the book.

"Any special cases this morning?" resumed the president, looking round at the group before him.

"There is one," said Lomaque, making his way to the back of the official chair. "Will it be convenient to you, citizen, to take the case of Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville first? Two of my men are detained here as witnesses and their time is valuable to the Republic."

The president marked a list of names before him, and handed it to the usher, placing the figures one and two against Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville.

While Lomaque was backing again to his former place behind the chair, Danville approached and whispered to him—"There is a rumor that secret information has reached you about the citizen and citoyenne Dubois. Is it true? Do you know who they are?"

"Yes," answered Lomaque; "but I have superior orders to keep the information to myself just at present."

The eagerness with which Danville put this question, and the disappointment he showed on getting no satisfactory answer to it, were of a nature to satisfy the observant chief agent that his su-

perintendent was really as ignorant as he appeared to be on the subject of the man and woman Dubois. That one mystery, at any rate, was still, for Danville, a mystery unrevealed.

"Louis Trudaine! Rose Danville!" shouted the crier, with another rap of his bludgeon.

The two came forward, at the appeal, to the front railing of the platform. The first sight of her judges, the first shock on confronting the pitiless curiosity of the audience, seemed to overwhelm Rose. She turned from deadly pale to crimson, then to pale again, and hid her face on her brother's shoulder. How fast she heard his heart throbbing! How the tears filled her eyes as she felt that his fear was all for her!

"Now!" said the president, writing down their names. "Denounced by whom?"

Magloire and Picard stepped forward to the table. The first answered, "By citizen superintendent Danville."

CHAPTER XIII.

HE reply made a great stir and sensation among both prisoners and audience.

"Accused of what?" pursued the president.

"The male prisoner, of conspiracy against the Republic; the female prisoner, of criminal knowledge of the same."

"Produce your proofs in answer to this order."

Picard and Magloire opened their minutes of evidence, and read to the president the same particulars which they had formerly read to Lomaque in the secret police office.

"Good," said the president, when they had done; "we need trouble ourselves with nothing more than the identifying of the citizen and citoyenne Dubois, which, of course, you are prepared for. Have you heard the evidence," he continued, turning to the prisoners; while Picard and Magloire consulted together in whispers, looking perplexedly towards the chief agent, who stood silent behind them. "Have you heard the evidence, prisoners? Do you wish to say anything? If you do, remember that the time of this tribunal is precious, and that you will not be suffered to waste it."

"I demand permission to speak for myself and for my sister," answered Trudaine. "My object is to save the time of the tribunal by making a confession."

The faint whisperings, audible among the women spectators a moment before, ceased instantaneously as he pronounced the word confession. In the breathless silence, his low, quiet tones penetrated to the remotest corners of the hall; while, suppressing externally all evidences of the death-agony of hope within him, he continued his address in these words:

"I confess my secret visits to the house in the Rue de Clery. I confess that the persons whom I went to see are the persons pointed at in the evidence; and, lastly, I confess that my object in communicating with them as I did, was to supply them with the means of leaving France. If I had acted from political motives to the political prejudice of the existing government, I admit that I would be guilty of that conspiracy against the republic with which I am charged. But no political necessity urged me, in performing the action which has brought me to the bar of this tribunal. The persons whom I aided in leaving France were without political influence or political connections. I acted solely from private motives of humanity towards them and towards others—motives which a good republican may feel, and yet not turn traitor to the welfare of his country."

"Are you ready to inform the court, next, who the man and woman Dubois really are?" inquired the president, impatiently.

"I am ready," answered Trudaine. "But first I desire to say one word in reference to my sister, charged here at the bar with me." His voice grew less steady, and for the first time, his color began to change, as Rose lifted her face from his shoulder and looked up at him eagerly. "I implore the tribunal to consider my sister as innocent of all active participation in what is charged against me as a crime—he went on. "Having spoken with candor about myself, I have some claim to be believed when I speak of her; when I assert that she neither did help me nor could help me. If there be blame, it is mine only; if punishment, it is I alone who should suffer."

He stopped suddenly and grew confused. It was easy to guard himself from the peril of looking at Rose, but he could not escape the hard trial to his self-possession of hearing her if she spoke. Just as he pronounced the last sentence, she raised her face again from his shoulder, and eagerly whispered to him.

"No, no, Louis! Not that sacrifice, after all the others—not that, though you should force me into speaking to them myself!"

She abruptly quitted her hold of him, and fronted the whole court in an instant. The railing in front of her shook with the quivering of her arms and hands as she held by it to support herself! Her hair lay tangled on her shoulders; her face had assumed a strange fixedness; her gentle blue eyes,

so soft and tender at all other times, were lit up wildly. A low hum of murmured curiosity and admiration broke from the women of the audience. Some rose eagerly from the benches, others cried:

"Listen! Listen! She is going to speak!"

She did speak. Silvery and pure the sweet voice, sweeter than ever in sadness, stole its way through the groans sounds—through the coarse humming and the hissing whispers.

"My lord the president!"—began the poor girl, firmly. Her next words were drowned in a volley of hisses from the women.

"Ah! aristocrat, aristocrat! None of your accused titles here!" was her shrill cry at her. She fronted the fierce gestures which accompanied it, with the steady light still in her eyes, with the strange rigidity still fastened on her face. She would have spoken again through the uproar and execration, but her brother's voice overpowered her.

"Citizen-president," he cried, "I have not concluded. I demand leave to complete my confession. I implore the tribunal to attach no importance to what my sister says. The trouble and terror of this day have shaken her intellect. She is not responsible for her words—I assert it solemnly, in the face of the whole court!"

The blood flew up into his white face as he made the assertion. Even at that supreme moment the great heart of the man reproached him for yielding himself to a deception, though the motive of it was to save his sister's life.

"Let her speak! let her speak!" exclaimed the women, as Rose, without moving, without looking at her brother, without seeming even to have heard what he said, made a second attempt to address her judges, in spite of Trudaine's interposition.

"Silence!" shouted the man with the bludgeon. "Silence, you women! the citizen-president is going to speak."

"The prisoner Trudaine has the ear of the court," said the president, "and may continue his confession. If the female prisoner wishes to speak, she may be heard afterwards. I enjoin both the accused persons to make short work of it with their addresses to me, or they will make their case worse instead of better. I command silence among the audience, and if I am not obeyed, I will clear the hall. Now, prisoner Trudaine, I invite you to proceed. No more about your sister; let her speak for herself. Your business and ours is with the man and woman Dubois now. Are you, or are you not, ready to tell the court who they are?"

"I repeat that I am ready," answered Trudaine. "The Citizen Dubois is a servant. The woman Dubois is the mother of the man who has denounced me—Superintendent Danville."

A low, murmuring, rushing sound of hundreds of exclaiming voices, all speaking, half-suppressedly, at the same moment, followed the delivery of the answer. No officer of the court attempted to control the outburst of astonishment. The infection of it spread to the persons on the platform, to the crier himself, to the judges of the tribunal, lounging, but the moment before, so carelessly silent in their chairs. When the noise was at length quelled, it was subdued in the most instantaneous manner by one man, who shouted from the throng behind the president's chair:

"Clear the way there! Superintendent Danville is taken ill!"

A vehement whispering and contending of many voices interrupting each other, followed; then a swaying among the assembly of official people; then a great stillness; then the sudden appearance of Danville alone, at the table.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE NOWADAYS.

Two Asked Advice About It and Then Rejected It.

There is no use of opposing a love affair, not even when the actors play into your own hands, says the New York Herald. I know what I'm saying. I've had the experience with two—the young and the old man. My first experience was with a young man who didn't know his mind and asked me what he had better do, and I, like a father, told him he'd better not marry the girl he was courting. He went right off and married her.

An old man from the country came into the car where I was reading my morning paper and sat down at my side. "Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Did you ever court a grass widow?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I've courted a dozen or more. Why?"

"Did you ever marry one?"

"Yes."

"Waller, p'raps yer kin give a chap a point or two?"

"Oh, certainly; all the points you want."

"Are they any different from other women?"

"Say, old fellow, I've courted all sorts of women, both married and unmarried, and they are all just alike. They do all the courting and generally propose before you have courted them a week."

"Waller, what's yer opin'n?"

"It is this: The man who marries one is a jackass."

The old fellow scratched his head for a moment and after he had got his idea raked in the right spot he said: "Waller, hain't I as much constitutionally right to be a jackass as yer have? Waller, I guess, and I'm goin' to 'cept her proposal by wire. Write it out for me, won't yer?"

Society.

Not all misery is in the slums. Not all danger to society arises from the victims of poverty. It may be that there is as great danger to society from the boulevards as from the slums.—Rev. R. A. White.

Wonderful Results from Pink Pills.

Mrs. John Tooley Relates a Remarkable Story.

From the Democrat, Charlevoix, Mich. The Democrat has had its attention called to a remarkable cure, due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the following statement, made to a reporter of this paper, will be read with interest by all similarly afflicted. Mrs. John Tooley, of Dwight, in this county, is the lady benefited by the medicine named, and she makes the following statement:

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF CHARLEVOIX.—ss.

"In the year 1891 I was a great sufferer from extreme nervousness, which finally developed into an aggravated attack of St. Vitus' dance. My health was very poor and I suffered terribly for six months, constantly growing worse. Finally I left home and went to my relatives in Canada for a visit, and my people never expected I would return alive. In Canada I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the result was truly marvelous. When I began taking them I weighed but ninety-six pounds, and in nine weeks' time, during which I took four boxes of the medicine, I gained so that I weighed 125 pounds, and the St. Vitus' dance and all nervousness disappeared. I returned home in nine weeks, completely cured and in the best of health, and have continued so to this day. Previous to taking the Pink Pills I had been attended by several physicians, but with no good results. I owe my life to Pink Pills, and have earnestly recommended them to all my friends, and my mother and three brothers have taken them with good results, my mother for heart trouble. I will be glad to answer any and all inquiries as to what Pink Pills have done for me."

(Signed.) Mrs. John Tooley. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of July, 1896.

Mrs. Tooley is now the picture of health, and the Democrat reporter could hardly realize that she was at one time so near to death. But her testimony is unassailable, and she is very earnest in her desire to spread the good news to other sufferers. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold in boxes of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Mother Goose to Date.

Little Polly Michael Rode upon her cycle Exposing more, alas! than just her toes;

And mother came and caught her And whipped her little daughter For wheeling in such shamefully short clothes.

—Washington Times.

Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe and Throat Trouble Speedily Cured.

Miss Nellie Penoyer, 1536 So. Tenth St., Omaha, Neb., writes: "Have used your Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for a severe case of La Grippe. Two doses gave relief. My lungs were very sore and in taking the Dr. Kay's Lung Balm I found that it stopped any desire to cough at once. The soreness on my lungs and in my head soon disappeared. It is very pleasant and easy to take and while it does not cause sickness at the stomach, like many cough remedies, it cures quicker than any I have ever tried."

Faithful Contrariness. Mrs. Slimson—"I have absolutely forbidden Willie to go near the water." Mrs. Twickenham—"What for?" "I want him to learn how to swim."—Life.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

Three hundred thousand tons of vegetables, valued at \$25,000,000, were sold in the city of Paris in 1895.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

Mr. Gladstone says there is not a more musical people than the Welsh to be found in the world.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

It is in the darkest corner of the piazza that love can see best.—Texas Siftings.

Cascapets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

A good many paint the town who should put it on their houses.

No cough so bad that Dr. Kay's Lung Balm will not cure it. See ad.

Many successful fairs are reported in Vermont.

MY SICK SISTERS.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I had suffered with loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, palpitation of the heart, headache and all parts of my body. My physician said it was indigestion, medicine did not help me. I began the use of the Pinkham Remedies, particularly Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken four bottles, and now these troubles are cured."

"I cannot praise it enough, and our druggist says the medicine is doing a world of good among his customers."

—BELLIS S. THOMPSON, New Bedford, Mass.

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c a box. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Santa Fe Route—California Limited.

Beginning November 4, the Santa Fe Route will resume its celebrated California Limited train as a semi-weekly service, leaving Chicago Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6:00 p. m., reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 76½ hours. Equipment of superb vestibuled Pullman palace sleepers, buffet smoking car and dining car. Most luxurious service via any line. Another express train, carrying both palace and tourist sleepers, leaves Chicago 10:25 p. m. daily, for Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Inquire of G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Great Northern Bldg., Chicago.

Paper Floors.

At Einsiedeln, Germany, paper floors are manufactured. In the form of a pasty mass the paper is spread upon the surface to be covered and submitted to pressure. It behaves like plaster of paris, and is said to be noiseless under the foot, and particularly effective in preserving a uniform temperature. Having no joints, it prevents a perfectly smooth surface.

Letters from Farmers.

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 419 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

America's Freight Cars.

At the present time there are owned and controlled by the railroads and private companies of America nearly 1,250,000 freight cars, or, in other words, enough cars to make two continuous trains reaching from Boston to San Francisco, with an engine for every forty-five cars.

Get a Farm While Prices are Low.

If you want a farm of your own now is the time to get one in Northern Wisconsin, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, where a sure crop can be raised each year, which can always be sold at good prices in the lumbering towns along the line of this railroad. Low prices; long time. Address C. E. Rollins, 161 La Salle street, Chicago.

Overplus of Humanity.

"Scribbles and Stubbs don't seem to be as intimate as they once were."

"No; Scribbles angered Stubbs by making fun of some of his jokes."—Puck.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm is the safest, surest and pleasantest cure for all coughs.

A man in politics will lie as surely as a man who hunts and fishes.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascadet candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

We do not like a man who strokes his whiskers while meditating.

"Cincinnati Flyer."

The Monon has put on a fast flyer for Indianapolis and Cincinnati. The train leaves Chicago, Dearborn Station, at 11:50 a. m., reaching Indianapolis at 4:37 and Cincinnati at 7:45 p. m., thus making the run, Chicago to Indianapolis, in four hours and forty-seven minutes, and Cincinnati in seven hours and fifty-five minutes. This is the fastest time made between Chicago and Indianapolis and Cincinnati by any line. The "Cincinnati Flyer" is equipped with elegant day coaches, the Monon celebrated high-backed seats, parlor car and dining car. City ticket office, 232 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Fire Insurance.

"Pretty good joke on Simpley."

"What was it?"

"He sent \$4 to an advertiser for a patent pocket fire escape and received in return a 25-cent copy of the New Testament."—Judge.

Attractions There.

Mr. Hojack—"You say your wife is at Surflands-by-the-Sea. Are there any men there?"

Mr. Tomdik—"There must be. She writes me that she will stay another fortnight."—Life.

The Bane of Beauty.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose casket of charms is yet unfilled by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use Ayer's Hair Vigor.

AVOID BUCKET SHOPS!

TRADE WITH A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. E. S. MURRAY & CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS, 122, 124 and 126 La Salle Building, Chicago, Ill. Members of the Chicago Board of Trade in good standing who will furnish you with their latest Book of statistics and reliable information regarding the markets. Write for it and a trade Daily Market Letter, both FREE. References: Am. Ex. NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." O'FARRELL & SON, Washington, D. C.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. XI, NO. 43

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

COLUMBIA Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

The buyer of a bicycle may have little experience; but nineteen years' experience of the Columbia manufacturers are at his service

\$100 to all alike.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Houses and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

The pleasantest, safest and most efficient remedy known for every kind of cough, lagrippe, influenza, etc. Safe for all ages. Does not sicken or disagree with the stomach. The formula has been used very extensively by the most noted physicians in the hospitals of London, Paris and New York with the very best of success. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25cts. Send address for very valuable free booklet.

DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., Omaha, Neb.

LIKE A THUNDERBOLT

UNION PRINTERS FIRE THEIR OPINIONS AT MARK HANNA.

Poll of Five Hanna-McKinley Organs of Chicago Shows That Union Workmen Are Solid for Bryan and Altgeld.

From the Chicago Dispatch: Just to see if a fair and honest expression of opinion could not be obtained from the workmen, the Typographical union has caused a poll to be taken of the mechanical department of the five morning newspapers in Chicago. It is needless to emphasize that the newspapers in question are, without exception, advocates of the single standard gold dollar.

The poll resulted as follows:

	Bryan, McKinley.	
Tribune	63	12
Record	82	5
Chronicle	60	10
Inter Ocean	57	13
Times-Herald	55	4
Total	317	44

The vote for governor of Illinois stood as follows:

	Altgeld, Tanner.	
Tribune	71	4
Record	86	1
Chronicle	67	3
Inter Ocean	61	8
Times-Herald	59	..
Total	354	14

The result as above has been certified to by some of the officials of the union, and is now on file at democratic national headquarters. It is given out not to demonstrate the law of power these publications have over the convictions of their employees but to show exactly what the intelligent workman think of the conditions now confronting him. Of course, it also shows that the newspapers in question cannot be convincing in their arguments, but this is not the point sought to be made, as the democratic managers have long since lost all faith in the local press with the single exception of The Dispatch.

HOW THE MANAGERS REGARD IT. At any rate, the poll of the "typos" caused the issuance of the following statement this morning from headquarters:

"The five big morning newspapers of Chicago are engaged in an attempt to show that organized labor is opposed to Bryan and free silver. It may be interesting to the goldbug publishers of these newspapers to know that of 361 men employed in their composing and press rooms 317 will vote for Bryan while but 44 will vote for McKinley. These men belong to the finest labor organization in the world, and cannot be bulldozed or coerced into stifling their convictions.

"It will be seen from the above ballots that the estimate made by labor leaders in Chicago that nine-tenths of the organized labor vote of Chicago will be cast for Bryan and free silver is a correct one, and that despite coercion and intimidation it will be found in the ballot boxes Nov. 3.

WORKINGMEN ARE WITH BRYAN.

"Wherever employees have a chance to express their views similar results have been attained. In one of the Armour shops at the Union Stock yards, where an Australian ballot was taken, the vote stood 675 for Bryan and 125 for McKinley. In another shop the vote stood 287 for Bryan and 17 for McKinley. It is known that the Chicago Tribune, through its correspondents and agents, made a canvass of employees in all the large manufacturing towns of Illinois. The result was such an amazing majority for Bryan that the returns were destroyed. They indicated a majority of 50,000 for Bryan and even larger for Altgeld. The only consolation left for the McKinley managers is to take factory ballots in the presence of officials and loudly proclaim the result as a victory for gold, despite the fact that all such ballots are criminally fraudulent on their face.

"McKinley organs and McKinley orators are wildly denouncing the plank in the democratic platform which protests against federal interference in local affairs. They appear to forget that the republican national committee which met in Chicago in 1890 and nominated Abraham Lincoln adopted a platform which contained a plank objecting to federal interference."

Senator Allison for Silver.

The affairs of this world cannot be conducted upon the single basis of gold; and the war and the contest of to-day is between those who seek to destroy and outlaw silver and those who seek to place it upon an equality with gold. That is the contest; and I am for the full and complete restoration of silver as one of the coin metals of the world, and therefore I propose to do whatever I can to promote that most desirable object.

John Sherman a Gold Bull.

The secretary of the treasury (John Sherman) is the greatest bull in the gold market, and every means at his official disposal is employed to force an exclusive gold currency on the country, and to depreciate all property—the accumulations of the industry and thrift of the people.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 21, 1878.

The Chicago newspapers state that a poll of the Elgin Watch company showed the following result: McKinley, 801; Bryan, 8. The poll was taken by the superintendent and foreman. An actual vote taken with great care by fellow workmen in whom the men had confidence, gave the following result: Bryan, 486; McKinley, 244; undecided, 79.



"If my father could vote today he would vote for Bryan for President of the United States."

The above words are from the lips of Jesse Grant, favorite son of Gen. U. S. Grant. The son has left the Republican party just as his father before him left the Democratic party when it made a compromise with the slave power. In his farewell to the Republican party Jesse Grant writes:

"I believe honestly in the great advantage to this country of the free coinage of silver. It does not mean repudiation of our debts at home or abroad. These debts will have to be paid in products, and anything that will raise the value of them will, I believe, benefit all classes. 'If we can double the price of a silver rupee we have doubled the price of the wheat that comes into competition with our wheat, and therefore double our wheat as to its debt-paying capacity. The same argument holds good of the silver peso of the Latin-American countries and the price of our meats and live stock. It holds good, too, in the silver ruble and the price of oil. It holds good in many ways too numerous to mention.

"Instead of foreigners purchasing the product of our silver mines at the rate of 70 cents per ounce, and with this silver buying produce, some of which comes in direct competition with our productions, from South America and the Orient, they would have to pay at the rate of \$1.29 per ounce.

The Only Honest Dollar.

The fight is to restore to its old place the wrongfully-ejected silver unit, viz., the 371 1/4-grain dollar. The (Chicago) Evening Journal pretends that it is in favor of silver remonetization. But how? Why, it would bite off from a silver bar chunks each worth a dollar—in what? Why, gold! and each chunk it would call a dollar until gold fluctuated and went higher, and then it would call in all the outstanding pieces, and bite off larger chunks of silver. But this would not be the American dollar at all, and that is just the point in the case. The old Spanish milled dollar of 371 1/4 grains was a standard dollar and unit of value in parts of this country from 1690 to 1775, when the Continental congress adopted it as the standard dollar, on which to borrow money to carry on the revolutionary war. That war debt was incurred in dollars of that exact weight. The revolutionary debt was paid in silver dollars of exactly that weight. The debt of the second war with Great Britain was incurred and afterwards paid in silver dollars of that exact standard. If anybody had called the money "a 91-cent dollar," he would probably have been rotten-egged for his slanderous malice.—Chicago Tribune, Feb. 11, 1878.

Gold Standard Means Bankruptcy.

To undertake to do the business of the world on a single gold basis of measurement and equivalents means loss, bankruptcy, poverty, suffering and despair. Debts will grow larger, and taxes become more onerous. The farmer will receive small prices for his crops; labor will be forced down, down, down, and there will be a long series of strikes, lock-outs, and a suspension of production. Those who own property, but owe for it in part, will see their mortgage increasing in proportion as gold acquires new purchasing power, while the property itself will be shrinking in value. There will be no relief, it must be kept in mind—for gold will be the only recognized equivalent of values, the stock of gold with its power will be constantly growing; and the circle of wealth will be uniformly contracting.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 16, 1878.

The Silver Dollar Able Defended.

What is a whole dollar? Who says that a part of a dollar shall be a whole dollar or wants it to be? Four hundred and twelve and a half grains of silver is a whole dollar, and was so fixed by law in 1792. It never was anything else, never can be anything else under the law. Whether at present that weight of illegal tender silver is worth as much as a gold dollar of 25 8-10 grains in London, no one cares. Four hundred and twelve and a half grains of silver coined and made legal tender is just as much a dollar as the gold dollar.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 19, 1878.

It is Now (1896) as Blind as a Bat at Daylight.

The folly of advocating the single gold standard of money must be obvious to every one not blind as a bat in the daylight.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 5, 1878.

The Indianapolis convention has been described as the "finest array of bankers, railroad men and attorneys for corporations and trusts ever got together."



"As to repudiation, why, we have practically repudiated already if bankruptcy means failure to pay debts. Did you ever think of what an awful debt America owes today? Nineteen thousand millions of mortgaged indebtedness. All the gold and silver in the world would not pay one-third of this single item of mortgage indebtedness, and under our present arrangement of things the awful disarrangement between the ability to produce and the power of money to accumulate interest makes the breach between this country and solvency grow wider every year. Prices go down, money going up. Interest eating eating all the time. How can it ever be paid? The free coinage of silver I do not believe to be a panacea for all our evils, but I do believe

it a step in the right direction and for the best interest of the American people."

Signed, JESSE GRANT

P. S.—Of course Mark Hanna and his multi-millionaire campaign committee are calling Jesse Grant an anarchist, a repudiator, a thief and a scoundrel. Let the people vote Hanna and his crowd out of existence November 3d. If they don't they will never get another chance.

They Are Organized.

On Saturday, April 27, 1895, there was a banquet of bankers in this city (Chicago) at which Mr. William C. Cornwell, president of the New York State Bankers' association delivered the principal address. Among other things he said:

"If, in 1875, 1876, 1877 and 1878, the bankers and sound money men had been organized as they are organized now, and had spoken out as they are speaking out now, had started on a campaign of education as they are starting out now; the greenback would long ago have been wiped out; the silver lunacy, before it had wrought incalculable damage, would have been confined to the asylums, where it belongs."

"It is time to tear off disguise. International bimetalism is a traitor in the camp. It is a false fraud. It can never be accomplished. It is a 'will o' the wisp' dancing above the deadly marsh. It is as illusive as a dream of magic, as idle as the pursuit of perpetual motion, as dangerous as the delirium of fiat money."

The Cause of Present Distress.

Does not this New Jersey governor (McClellan) know, as we have already stated in these columns, that an ounce of silver to-day can be exchanged for more of any given commodity than it could five years ago when it was at a premium with gold? As far as stability is concerned, the value of silver has remained comparatively stationary as compared with other property. As a measure of value it has fluctuated less than gold. It is the enormous and alarming enhancement of the value of gold that has squeezed out the values of property, paralyzed the trade of the country and produced the present distress. If there is to be a choice between the two metals, the people prefer that metal which most nearly retains its equilibrium in relation with other commodities.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 19, 1878.

It Was Astonishing Information.

When Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson devised the system of American coinage, they adopted the metallic plan for the express and direct purpose of securing to the American people, as a protection against all fluctuations in the relative value of gold and silver, the option to pay debts in coin of either metal. We continued the system in this country until 1876; the people were astounded with the information that in 1873-4 we had abolished the coinage of the silver dollar, and declared it no longer a legal tender.—Chicago Tribune, January 25, 1878.

Must Never Be Surrendered.

Hamilton and Jefferson concurred in the wisdom and necessity of having a double standard, the purpose being to confer the option on the debtor to pay in either metal at his pleasure. Those great statesmen clearly foresaw the trouble and disaster that a single standard would bring upon the country. The retention of the option by the debtor to pay in either silver or gold is vitally important to the welfare of the whole American people, and must never be surrendered.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 14, 1878.

The moneyed classes first array themselves against the masses, but the masses mustn't squeal about it and array themselves against the classes. That's high treason.

Senator Allison writes a friend in Washington that he fears Bryan will carry Iowa. And well he may.

The Garden South.

The South is destined to be, and is rapidly becoming, the garden of the United States. Here life is easier to live, the rigorous winters do not eat up the fruits of the toil of summer, nor are the summers so trying as many Northern people have supposed. "I used to live only half the year," said a northern farmer recently settled in the South, "and I used to work all the time then. Now I work half the time and live all the year through."

Home seekers' excursion tickets will be sold over the Monon Route to nearly all points in the South at the rate of one first class fare (one way); tickets good returning on any Tuesday or Friday within thirty-one days from date of sale. Liberal stop-overs are allowed. These excursions start (and tickets are sold) Oct. 19 and 20. Call on any agent of the Monon Route for further information, or address Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago.

Keeping Cheese.

To keep cheese fresh and moist is one of the problems of housekeeping. There are several ways of doing this, but the best, verified by experience, is to wrap it up in damp butter muslin, and not keep it in a warm place. In this way cheese may be kept for weeks.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A hotel at Chico, Mich., burned so rapidly Saturday that only one trunk was saved.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be recommended to the most skillful physician, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

THE POPULAR CANDIDATE FOR ALL PARTIES

Battle Ax

PLUG

"Battle Ax" is popular with all parties because of its remarkably fine flavor, its high quality and the low price at which it is sold.

The people of the United States know a good thing when they see it, and they won't pay 10 cents for other high grade tobaccos while they can get "Battle Ax" for 5 cents.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Some men cannot consider themselves truly religious without making their people uncomfortable.—Truth.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

J. D. Wood of Beaver Canyon, Idaho, has flocks aggregating 78,000 sheep.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The average duration of a regiment's stay in India is sixteen years.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DROPSY

TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure can be prevented by best physicians. From first symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book containing testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten day's treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. Dr. H. H. Green & Sons, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

ITCHING, BLIND, and BLEEDING PILES

Fistula and all Diseases of the Skin absolutely cured by the use of ROSSMAN'S Pile Cure.

At all druggists or A. McKINSTRY & Sons, Hudson, N.Y. Sample sent for 10c in stamps.

A positive cure for all coughs and croup without causing nausea. Dr. Kay's Lung Balm. Price 25c. Sent by mail by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb. Send for booklet. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Justin's Compound Cottonroot Pills. An infallible and reliable cure and specific for all FEMALE IRREGULARITIES. By mail, postpaid, \$1.00. Address MALETTE MEDICINE CO., 311 Ogden Building, Chicago, Ill.

STEADY WORK

WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to fill MILL STARK TREES millions tested. Absolutely best. Superior quality, new system. STARK BROTHERS, Louisville, Mo., ROCKFORD, ILL.

OPIUM

Habit Cured. Est. in 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. FREE TRIAL. State case. DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

800 ACRES Central Nebraska good soil; running water; only \$5.00 per acre. Write GEO. N. HICKS, Omaha, Neb.

WISCONSIN'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.